IT FRESHENS YOU UP

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 85. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 18TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/3 per pr.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.

No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d.; Gents', 9d. per pr.

Stationary Heel.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/6 per pr.

1. Your Health.

An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

2. Your Comfort.

Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a WOOD-MILNE heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a Turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

3. Your Pocket.

WOOD-MILNE heels last four times as long as leather—hence they save repairs. By keeping the heel level they prevent boots losing shape, hence boots last as long again and keep comfortable and smart-looking all the time. It has been proved over and over again that WOOD-MILNE heels save ten times their cost in the boot bill.

But, and a Big But.

They must be WOOD-MILNES—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine WOOD-MILNE heel has the name WOOD-MILNE moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By that you can tell them.

Get a pair to-day. From all Bootmen.

COPYRIGHT.

French or German by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH OR GERMAN?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH or GERMAN in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TEACHING BRANCHES for CLASSES or PRIVATE LESSONS:

33, Gracechurch Street, E.C.;
64 and 66, Oxford Street, W.;
303, High Holborn, W.C.;
205, Earl's Court Road, S.W.

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21, & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
Editorial Communications to be addressed to the THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 85. WEEK ENDING JUNE 18TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

BAD TEMPER.

A FIGHT MEN MUST WAGE SINGLE-HANDED.

There is nothing more distressing, to the sufferer, than an attack of bad temper. It is an infirmity under which some people positively groan and travail, and the worst of it is nothing comes of it. It is a sheer waste of vital force.

There are plenty of cures to be had for the asking, and without it for that matter, from candid friends, but like most free advice it is seldom worth taking.

Nine times out of ten, bad temper indicates a condition of ill-health, not necessarily serious, and indeed more often trivial.

Marriage is another cure for continued bad temper. But it is just as well to remember that marriage presupposes fatherhood, and bad temper may be hereditary.

If you find one bad temper difficult to cope with, what will you do with several others springing up around you?

Besides is it quite fair to the girl?

There are many other ways and means of cutting short a fit of bad temper, but that is not curing it. Here are a few:

A gallop on a spirited horse.

A pull against stream.

A set-to with the gloves, or a rough-and-tumble on the mat.

The best thing, however, that can happen to a chap cursed with a bad temper which has become chronic is to be pitched among strangers who will not put up with it, and who have it in their power to make the offender suffer. Then it is a case of curbing the temper or losing the job.

Experience in life's hard school teaches diplomacy, and no diplomat can afford to be bad tempered.

The man who is his own business master is in a really pitiable case if his temper is stronger than his will. For the remedy, if any, must come from within himself. He is the captain of his own soul, and if he is a poor weak sort of a captain so much the worse for him. No outsider can really help.

The best thing for a chap who suffers from what used to be described as a "black dog sitting on one's shoulder" is to do a bit of wrestling with it.

Do not give in to it, for it spoils your outlook on life and makes existence a hell for yourself, and anything but pleasant for those unfortunate people who come into close contact with you.

There is very little difference between a bad tempered horse and a vicious one, and a dog that has fits of bad temper in no way differs from a dangerous brute. L. BOON.

CHEEK.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw warns us solemnly that "we have no more right to consume happiness without producing it, than to consume wealth without producing it." But please, Mr. Shaw, don't tell us that the same rule applies to eggs!

* * *

"English history," says Dr. Gilbert Slater, "did not finish in 1815." A discovery such as this could only have been made by a master brain.

* * *

A promising three-year-old filly is called Damia. We are told that all the racing heads swear by her.

* * *

"All men—at any rate, young men—" says the "Sketch," "have a perfectly different standard for their own and other people's sisters." In the case of their own sisters their interest is certainly liable to flag.

* * *

"British Officer's Feat!" runs a "Daily Mail" headline. "This modern journalism is a disgrace!" exclaimed dear old Mrs. Footler. "No doubt they *are* big, but that's no reason why everybody should know it!"

* * *

Sand-baths, we are told, are the latest craze. Their object, no doubt, is to endow us with that much lauded quality, grit.

* * *

The latest musical comedy is called "The Girl in the Train." According to all reports it is going like steam.

* * *

Canon Hicks announces that "No boy *or girl* (the italics are ours) is wholly educated who cannot make something with his hand, make it well, make it so that he is proud to look at it." We wonder whether a scrutiny of the reverend gentleman's piece of composition would afford him any feeling of pride.

* * *

A Mr. Rendle observes: "I always swear by the 'Tailor and Cutter.'" Well, what matter? If he can ease his mind by using an expression like that, even the Y.M.C.A. young man can't protest.

* * *

Never tell your wife her hat is a sensible shape. You will only have to buy her another.

* * *

We are told by Dr. Jowett that "the reaction which follows a critical decision is very often the hour of a man's fall." "Yes," commented Jemmy the Lag, "especially when the critical decision takes the form of penal servitude."

* * *

A servant girl was recently elected as a Finnish M.P. Let us hope that she will not grumble too much at the Diet.

J. S. COX.

A BANKING CAUTION.

SOME DEVICES FOR PREVENTING FORGERY.

Formerly only men of substance kept banking accounts, but nowadays, owing to keen competition between banks, you can open an account on next to nothing if you can give good references, while, if your references are not A 1, it doesn't matter much, if you have plenty of ready to deposit.

A cheque-book should be kept under lock and key; that is one of the rules most banks print inside their cheque-books.

Avoid a highly complicated signature. This, paradoxically enough, is much easier to imitate than a plain straightforward one. In a signature that is all fancy loops and twirls, the main, the characteristic writing of the drawer is obscured, and the forger takes advantage of this fact.

At the same time, men who, for one reason or another, are liable to have their names forged often have a secret alphabet or understanding with the bank, by means of which the position of a dot, or of a group of dots, or a varying number of dots over or below the signature, correspond with the month, week, or even the date on which a cheque is drawn. The forger, unless he is in a very confidential position, is not likely to know the secret of the dots.

The safest way of making a payment by cheque is to cross it, so that it will be paid only through a banker. To make assurance doubly sure cross in favour of the payee's bank. Thus, if your client, creditor, or friend banks at the Bank of England, you draw two parallel lines across the face of the cheque and write between them "Bank of England," which means that only that department dealing with the payee's account will cash the cheque.

Another good way of obviating the risk of fraud is to write across the cheque "not above so much." Thus, if you draw a cheque for £8 you write across it "not above ten pounds."

Ten, mind you, not nine, for a cheque for £8 is liable to be altered into eighty, while "not above nine pounds" could easily be made into "not above ninety pounds," which would carry the forged "eighty" through. But ten is not easily made into eighty, ninety, or a hundred.

A useful method of keeping yourself continually acquainted with the amount of your balance is to enter it on the back of the counterfoil whenever you draw a cheque.

Subtract the amount of the cheque you have just written, and then when you next come to open the cheque book, you will have facing you the total amount of your balance.

Do not forget, however, to enter up amounts that you pay in also, with a note as to the date and the source of the money. D. BOYD WESTALL.

How to Choose a Rifle

POINTS THAT THE SHOOTING MAN SHOULD NOTE.

It is not the good fortune of every man to be able to buy a rifle that he can call his own, for the full-sized Service rifle will not be of very much practical use unless it costs at least £5, and even a miniature rifle must cost £2 or more if it is to be at all accurate.

The greater part of these remarks, however, will be useful also to the man who has the opportunity of choosing a rifle from the armoury of his corps or club, and who does not know from experience what to look at in choosing it.

If you are buying a rifle for target purposes, the most important thing is to go to a good maker—preferably one of those who have a reputation of their own as marksmen, made with weapons of their own manufacture—and to pay a really good price for your rifle. £9 is by no means too much for a Service rifle.

MONEY WELL SPENT.

The original outlay will be more than saved by the extra prize-money you will acquire, and also by the length of time the stock and fittings will last, with an occasional new barrel.

The fitting of the barrel should be one of the first things inspected. The nose-band should not grip it tightly, or owing to the inability of the barrel to expand with heat it will soon "nickel," or scrape off and retain the coating of nickel from the bullet.

On the other hand, it should not be loose enough to be moved about, or accurate shooting will be impossible. Special target weapons often have an asbestos packing between the nose-band and the barrel, which allows for the necessary expansion.

The action should be carefully tested, to see that it works easily, and it should be tested with an empty cartridge in the breech to see that the ejecting mechanism is in good order.

It is important also to test the magazine. One never knows when this may be needed, and often the magazine has been so carelessly made as to be practically useless.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT SIGHTS.

The sights are among the parts of the rifle that are most likely to be unsuited to your taste, or in the case of the rifle from the armoury rack they may be damaged.

See that the slide works easily up and down the leaf, and test it with the leaf down as well as up.

I remember one armoury rifle which had the peculiarity that when you put the sight up to anything between two and five hundred yards, as soon as the leaf was on the top of the "ramp," the whole back-sight slewed off to one side, and, needless to say, the rifle did *not* shoot straight.

That sort of thing is not likely to happen with a new rifle, however, for that has been tested before being issued. It is advisable to insist on having a rifle that has been tested by the dealer privately, or to arrange for a trial on your own account.

TEST THE WIND-CAUGE.

If the rifle is fitted with the new pattern of back-sight, see that the wind-gauge slides easily. If it is only possible to move it by jerks it will be extremely difficult to set it accurately.

Another point which is important, especially in a corps or club rifle, is to look to the fore-sight. It often gets damaged in the course of field days and so on, and straight shooting is impossible.

In a new rifle the fore-sight may be broader than you like it—it is not likely to be narrower. In this case you can easily have it filed down slightly on either side to the desired breadth.

Some men when buying a rifle seem to pay more attention to the wood of the butt and stock than to anything else. There is no doubt that a good piece of wood enhances the appearance of a rifle as it does that of a pipe, but you want a rifle to shoot with and not to look at.

Nevertheless, as one stock and action will outlast many barrels, it is worth while choosing a good piece of wood. It should have no flaws in it, and should have a good close grain running longitudinally.

VARIETIES OF WEAPONS.

As for the type of rifle that you should choose, this depends entirely on what you propose to use it for. If you intend to go in for target-shooting on a full-sized range, get the most up-to-date pattern of Service rifle, or if you are a Territorial, that with which your corps is armed.

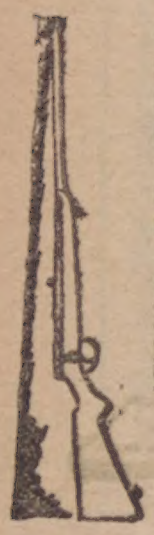
The long charger-loading Lee-Enfield with a "U," sight and wind-gauge and no bolt-cover, as served out to many corps, is probably as good a target weapon as you can find, but the ordinary long Lee-Enfield with the addition of a wind-gauge sight, is hard to beat.

If you are going in for miniature rifle shooting, one of the War Office pattern will prove most suitable and provide the best practice for the full-sized weapon, since the sights and bolt action are similar. It costs about £2 5s.

The same rifle can be used for rooks or rabbits; or quite serviceable weapons for the latter purpose can be obtained at about a quarter or half of the price.

In conclusion, it will be well to observe that you will require a gun licence, unless you are a member of His Majesty's forces or of a recognised rifle club and use your rifle for target practice only.

G. WOODRUFF.



N.B. **IT is worth making a note of the fact that when you want anything in the sporting line—anything from a set of boxing gloves to a polo pony—the best place to advertise for it is in our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page.**

You can save money by buying sporting necessaries in this way.

WHY WAS BADEN-POWELL PLACED ON RETIRED PAY?

A MATTER OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

General Sir R. Baden-Powell was some time ago placed on retired pay. "Was it," asks a paper which lives on sensationalism, "*at his own request?*"

Ostensibly the General's purpose in retiring from the Army was that he might have more leisure to devote to the Boy Scout movement.

This movement has already been dealt with in THE MODERN MAN, and the opinion then expressed upon it need scarcely be repeated in detail, as it will doubtless be fresh in the memory of most readers.

The criticisms made against the Scout movement in that article were, perhaps, a little severe, for the movement is a very excellent one—for little boys.

But does all seem well that one of our best-known generals should give up his regular military work to devote himself exclusively to the mimic warfare of children?

The Boy Scout movement is not one that is favoured by the authorities of the War Office, for they have recently refused to have anything whatsoever to do with it.

These are the facts that detractors of Baden-Powell are turning over upon their tongues, and they are doing their utmost to deduce from them some explanation or criticism unfavourable to the distinguished soldier.

They are labouring in vain.

Baden-Powell has been accused of a partiality for self-advertisement. It is said, in fact, that in South Africa during the war he was known in the Army as "A.D.V." and not as "B.P." But self-advertisement is the worst thing of which he can reasonably be accused.

The romantic glamour with which he surrounded himself during the siege of Mafeking served an excellent purpose in stimulating the imagination of the youngsters whom he has managed to enlist as Boy Scouts. They are prepared to join an organisation headed by him, but it is safe to say that the movement would never have approached its present strength unless his name had been associated with it.

That he is a man fitted in every way to organise and control a movement of this character is unquestionable.

The late King was a student and a judge of human nature, if ever one existed, and he displayed a keen interest in the Scout movement, and also, it is believed, he approved absolutely of General Baden-Powell's participation in it. Baden-Powell has said that when he explained to the late King that he was leaving the Army "because the Scout movement was growing so much, and that he could not do two works at once," His Majesty replied: "You are quite right."

Had there been, as the paper referred to suggests so unjustly and unwarrantably, any reason why Baden-Powell should be compelled to retire from the Army, the King would have known of it, and he would not have given his inestimable support.

It cannot be said that this paper has ever been very keen on the Boy Scouts, but that is no reason why it should not be outspoken. Outspoken THE MODERN MAN always has been, and it is but right that it should take up the cudgels on behalf of a gallant soldier whose position practically prevents him from doing so himself.

A soldier cannot enter into journalistic warfare; he must leave the public to form their own opinion.

The public opinion of Baden-Powell is as high as any man could wish for. The public knows him to be the thorough man he is.

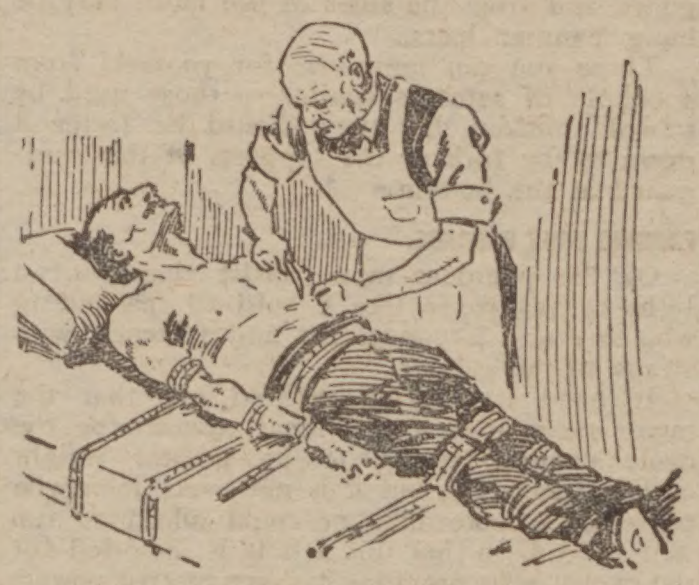
The suggestion made in the sensational paper is as cowardly as it is untrue.

H. HOLMES.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE TALE PITCHER

By E. WADE LANG.



It was a particularly thirsty glance that was thrown in my direction, which was no matter for surprise, seeing that I was seated on the bench outside a country inn with a glass of foaming shandy-gaff in my hand, and the shade temperature over eighty, and the envious individual a gentleman of the road.

He even came to a halt, still thirstily gazing, and openly smacked his lips.

"Lor', *guv'nor!*" he said, feelingly.

"Come on!" said I.

He did the alacrious skip and subsided on the bench beside me with a heaven-be-thanked sigh.

"One *quart*," he intoned, "if it's all the same to you."

We bent elbows.

"Look at that," said he, indicating a line of toes impolitely protruding from a presumable boot.

"It's only out of respect for your delicacy that I don't remove the foot-gear altogether."

"I pray you, respect me till we part," said I, hastily.

"Bathed in the dew," he went on reminiscently, "the sparkling dew of a June morning. Friend, the ablutions of princes compare ill with the sweet refreshment of that."

"Or this," I added, uplifting my glass.

"Well said," quoth he, muffled by the intercepting mug.

"And now what have you got to tell me?" I asked.

"*Tell* you?"

I nodded genially. His sky-blue eyes fixed on mine in dreamy reproach.

"Rank commercialism, I call that," he observed sadly.

"Not at all," said I. "Merely exchange of courtesies between ships that pass in the night."

"An ill-descriptive simile," said he, shaking his head. "The father of ocean wanderers——"

"I apologise," said I.

"Besides," he added, "I'm adrift. Everything passes me."

I renewed his quart.

He brought out an ancient clay and filled it from my pouch in silence.

"I've seen better days," he began, "as no doubt you will have told from my accent. The scion of a noble house am I—or getting on that way. But no matter!"

"I was hoping," said I, "for a more original beginning."

"We get so used to saying it," he regretted, "we hardly remember *what* we was."

"*Were*," I corrected, gently.

"What we *were*," he repeated without change of voice. "I'll spare you the touching history of my childhood and youth. Let it pass that I was a darling boy and the object of great expectations. . . .

"Used to wear sailor suits, I did," he continued, calling up for me a picture of a devoted and fashionable mamma. "Blue in winter and white in summer. Long trousers, mind you. . . . But I struck against the white. Rude little street boys would call after me, drawing an embarrassing analogy between my nether garments and those affected by their sis——"

"The early days might with advantage be skipped," I put in.

"True," he agreed, "but they help to renovate my accent. However . . . To commence with my fall from grace. When I came out——"

He paused.

"*After* that," he continued, "I was inexperienced enough to think I could win back to former honourable, but ex-ceed-ingly tedious respectability. . . . Fancy wantin' to!" he chuckled in an unguarded moment.

"Figure me," he proceeded, with proper solemnity, "a young man in London battling with the seeds of a misguided past."

"Seeds?" I queried.

"Fruits," he corrected. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt. Figure me, also, gradually succumbing to the almighty negligence of an impassive world."

"That's better!" I encouraged him.

"And imagine me," he went on, "standing one day at a street corner, wondering what in the name of idleness was the good of a scion of a noble etcetera in a hurrying, scurrying, never-pause-to-dream civilisation."

"Dressed like that?" I queried.

"Unkind," he murmured. "No; not like this. I had a whole suit then, and I had squandered my last tuppence on a shave. Accept that token as a proof of my proud lineage, if suspicion still remains with you.

"Yes, I stood at a street corner, the shabby-genteel gentleman—or was it on a bridge, looking down at the tempting water? Yes, I think it was a bridge. . . .

"Suddenly a hand fell on my shoulder. I started, and hoped to run.

"'All right, matey,' said a reassuring voice. 'Not a nark this time.'

"I asked him what the you-know he meant by scaring unprovoked a law-abiding citizen?

"'Thought you might be down on your luck,' said he. 'Strike me pink if you don't look it!'

"'And if I am?' I asked, haughty-like.

"'Thought I might do yer a bit o' good,' he went on, cheerily.

"'Do I look like fair game for the confidence trick?' I asked, sarcastic-like.

"'That's the worst of you chaps,' he replied, with a smile innocent as Hogarth's rake. 'Know-alls, you think you are—and often let a good chance slip for the want of a bit o' trust.'

"That put me on my dignity.

"'You may as well understand,' I told him, 'that I am what I am through trusting people—and better-lookin' people than you.'

"'How much yer got to lose now!' he laughed.

"There was sense in that. 'Let's hear it then,' I said. 'But, mind! I pledge myself to no service, especially if the job means——'

"'It isn't a job,' he interrupted, 'it's simply a real, live demonstration, strictly four-square, and a quid for you if you act up to requirements.'

"'A demonstration?' I asked, puzzled-like.

"'Majik's Patent Food,' he answered. 'You've merely got to make a picture of Before Taking. You come along with me to the place, you gets your photograph taken, you draws your quid, and the job's done. If you want anything easier than that, you better turn Arctic explorer or Beefeater at the Tower.'

"Well, it didn't quite suit my book to have my photograph advertised about, but, I reflected, if it was demonstration of physique they wanted, there was no reason why I shouldn't distort my phiz somewhat. Anyhow, while I was hesitatin' he called a taxi and ordered me to jump in.

"I lingered a moment just to set him right on one point.

"'In case you *are* a nark,' I said, 'and it's that little housebreaking affair at Denmark Hill, it'll save you trouble to hear I can establish an alibi.'

"'Of course, if you don't want the quid,' he said.

"With that I capitulated. We drove off through the West-End, out towards Hammersmith. I can't tell you exactly where, because on the way the cove gave me a drink out of his flask, and I went bang off to sleep. Full daylight, too—and what the chauffeur thought I've often wondered, for somebody must have carried me out. The next thing I knew was that I was lying full-dressed on a bed in a locked and shuttered bedroom, and that I was feeling devilish hungry, and oh, more infernally than all, thirsty! (Thank you, sir. Most appropriate moment!)

"To be candid I was scared, and I'd got a headache which in affluent days would have cost me a quid to buy. But I kicked up such a rumpus I soon got a reply. The same cove came, and, my parents! his reproachful observations! He wanted to know if I'd gone clean cranky, and couldn't I wait a bit, and said the apparatus wasn't ready, and I could just stay where I was till he fetched me, and, yell as much as I liked, there was no getting out.

"'Well, bring me some grub and a drink,' I told him; or at least it meant that boiled down.

"'If we fed you up,' he said, with a smile I didn't at all like, 'what sort of a specimen of Before Taking d'you think you'd make?'

"'Here!' I yelled, springing towards the door, 'you're not going to starve me——'

"But he slammed it in my face and shot the bolts.

"Well, that wasn't the happiest of situations, was it? It got unhappier when night came on—and my thirst took fire—and bang and yell as I would, nobody would come. And so it went on till the afternoon of the next day. Believe me or believe me not, neither bite nor sup——"

He broke off to inspect the bottom of his mug, thanked me, hoped the story didn't sound so dry as it talked, and resumed.

"I felt something like I do now, sir, when at last he fetched me and led me down a passage into a bare sort of room with a long table in it and a couple of queer-looking professors in white aprons and whiskers. Anyhow, there was the camera right enough, and when they told me to lie on the table I did it without asking why. You see, I was thinking of what I should get with that quid, and it didn't occur to me they were posing me peculiar for an individual supposed to be in need of health food.

"But I had a shock pretty quick. One of the white-whiskered professors jumped on me with a rope, the one who had invited me there sat on my feet, and I observed the other elderly blackguard draw a scalpel from under his apron and pass his finger along the edge. You may well look startled!

"Well, things got lively. I was never powerful, but rather acute unwillingness to become a corpse lent me strength, and there was a busy dust-up for a considerable period.

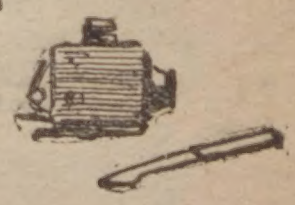
"Anyhow, they got me on the dissecting table at last, tied up so that I couldn't move."

"Evidently you were not killed," I observed.

"Killed? They were only getting a cinematograph film of human vivisection, and wanted it as realistic as possible. The only regret I've had about it is that I never saw the pictures. But they treated me generous for amusing them . . . two quid they gave me instead of one. . . . It's only bobs I get now for amusing folks," he concluded sorrowfully, "and not even that . . . always."

I handed him the insinuated shilling.

"I'm a fairly ingenious liar myself," said I, "but——."



Camping Out with Cycles

HOW TO SET ABOUT IT AND WHAT TO TAKE WITH YOU.

Of the many readers of this paper who are keen on spending their summer holiday under canvas, there are probably not a few who want more variety than the permanent camp can afford, and who do not care about being bothered with a horse or a boat, which are the necessary adjuncts to a caravanning or a river-camping holiday.

For these there is the third alternative of cycle-camping, and for the man who possesses a bicycle and the roving spirit, it is well worth while to consider the possibility of a holiday on the wheel with his temporary home strapped on behind him.

THE MATERIAL FOR THE TENT.

It seems hard to believe that one can carry a tent on an ordinary bicycle, but if it be made of the proper material this is perfectly easy.

The stuff recommended by the Association of Cycle Campers, who hold combined camps and supply both equipment and advice to the would-be camper, is a kind of lawn of very fine texture which folds up very close. This is not, of course, waterproof in itself, but when stretched tightly the rain runs off as it does from an umbrella.

The covering of the tent is rolled up into a very small space and attached to a carrier on the back wheel, while the poles, which are of light bamboo and jointed, are carried wrapped in a light canvas covering on the forks of the machine. If the sections are too long to be strapped on here, they may be attached to the horizontal bar of the frame.

The best way of carrying your personal luggage is to pack it into a Japanese wicker basket, which will hold an astonishing amount and weighs nothing in itself. This can be fixed on to the carrier over the back mud-guard and from the sides of the latter may be hung pannier bags.

These you can improvise for yourself from a couple of satchels similar to those used by school children, but they should be fastened down to the fork or the supports of the mud-guard at the bottom.

PACKING YOUR BAGGAGE.

Or the panniers may consist simply of a light canvas cover like a hold-all, packed to whatever size is convenient and fastened with straps to the carrier.

It need hardly be pointed out that the motor-cycle makes the ideal mount for the cycle camper, owing to its greater weight carrying capacity, but it is not every man who possesses a motor-bike or could afford to run it if he did, so that this article is intended for the cyclist who provides his own motive power.

If you are wise and can carry the extra weight, you will use a double tent with a fly-sheet. This keeps the tent itself quite dry in wet weather, and enables you to touch or to put things against the tent walls without the usual catastrophe. Also the tent is cooler in summer and warmer in winter if a fly-sheet, even of the same thin material, is used.

THE BEST TENT.

A tent of the "gipsy" pattern, with a light ridge-pole and pegged down on either side, is most suitable. The bell tent is, of course, out of the question.

For cooking purposes, a spirit stove is advisable, but unless you are going into the wilds it will be best to trust to getting the methylated spirit near your camping-place, instead of carrying it with you. Many campers rely on a wood fire, but this limits their choice of a camping-place.

All the cooking utensils and the receptacles for butter, jam, and so on can be made to fit into each other, and to economise space properly it is almost necessary to get these made for the purpose, preferably of aluminium. The cost is rather greater, but the saving in weight and wear is considerable.

A most useful tip is to get your supplies as far as possible at your destination, and for this reason to fix your camping-place within easy reach of a town or village. This will save you much unnecessary weight, and if you are camping for a day or two in each place will be no less economical.

Rough tent-pegs also can usually be cut near the camping-place; if carried on the machine pegs of quarter-inch aluminium wire should be used.

NECESSARY ITEMS.

A canvas water-bucket and some candles are among the necessaries, and as regards your sleeping outfit you must use your own discretion, but on no account omit a water-proof ground-sheet. Those of the thin rubber variety are by no means heavy, and quite as efficacious as a tarpaulin.

A sleeping-bag of some all-wool material will also be necessary, and a thin eiderdown quilt will provide the maximum of warmth with the minimum of bulk and weight.

Much money may be saved by making the tent, sleeping-bag, and various other accessories at home. Provided you have a definite idea of what you want, this should not be difficult.

J. GERVAISE.

SOME OPENINGS FOR INVENTORS.

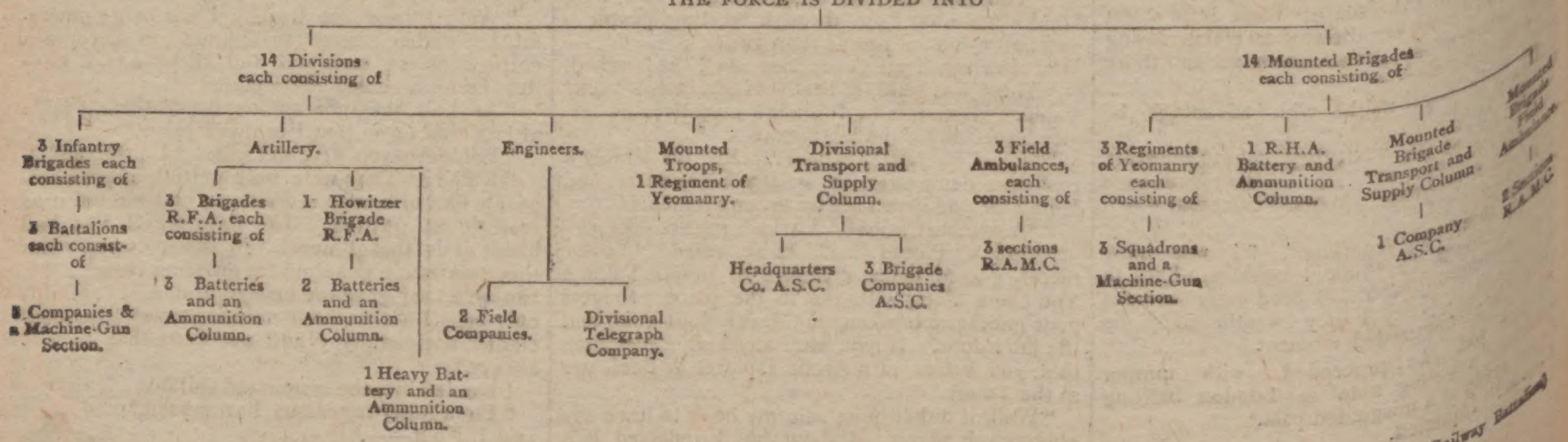
Of modern inventions there is no end; and no doubt the fortunes amassed by the lucky inventors are fabulous. But it is safe to say that in order to make money an invention must possess distinct advantages, must be obviously superior to any previous invention of the same kind.

It is a strange fact that smoking and smoking implements provide a very wide field which has never yet been adequately exploited by inventive geniuses. Where, for instance, can we get a pipe the internal mechanism of which *really* prevents the nicotine from getting into our mouth? True, there are many patents with passages performing devious twists inside the stem with this desirable object, but somehow the nicotine invariably, both metaphorically and literally, "wins through." And such formations of stem always make the process of cleaning more difficult. So that the wise man refuses to be lured away from the time-honoured plain bore. But it is certain that for the inventor who supplies a really "nicotine-proof" pipe there are heavy emoluments waiting.

Again, smokers are by no means satisfied with the ordinary types of pipe-cleaner that are put upon the market. No doubt they would be difficult to improve upon, but they have the drawback of being expensive, for the reason that you cannot use each of them more than once. If you do, you only ram in again the coagulated nicotine that you have just drawn out. All things considered, the best cleaner at present is a feather, which certainly seems to admit of improvement. Here is a chance for ambitious inventors.

THE TERRITORIAL TREE.

A DIAGRAM WHICH SHOWS AT A GLANCE THE ORGANISATION OF THE WHOLE TERRITORIAL FORCE.


THE FORCE IS DIVIDED INTO
14 Divisions each consisting of
3 Infantry Brigades each consisting of
3 Battalions each consisting of
3 Companies & a Machine-Gun Section.
Artillery.
3 Brigades R.F.A. each consisting of
3 Batteries and an Ammunition Column.
1 Howitzer Brigade R.F.A.
2 Batteries and an Ammunition Column.
1 Heavy Battery and an Ammunition Column.
Engineers.
2 Field Companies.
Divisional Telegraph Company.
Mounted Troops, 1 Regiment of Yeomanry.
Divisional Transport and Supply Column.
Headquarters Co. A.S.C.
3 Brigade Companies A.S.C.
3 Field Ambulances, each consisting of
3 sections R.A.M.C.
14 Mounted Brigades each consisting of
3 Regiments of Yeomanry each consisting of
3 Squadrons and a Machine-Gun Section.
1 R.H.A. Battery and Ammunition Column.
Mounted Brigade Transport and Supply Column
1 Company A.S.C.
Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance
2 Sections R.A.M.C.

In addition to the above there are a certain number of "Army Troops" which are detailed on mobilisation for special services. These include 24 Battalions of Infantry, 10 Cyclist Battalions, Engineers (1 Balloon Co., 5 Wireless, 5 Cable, 5 Air-Line Telegraph Cos., 1 Railway Battalion) 23 General Hospitals and 2 Sanitary Cos., R.A.M.C.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

VI. (AND LAST).

MY DEAR HARRY,

It was very kind of you to send me your photograph, which is most smart and soldierly looking. Well, my dear boy, this is good-bye for some time to come. I need hardly tell you how earnestly I shall pray for your success and happiness, or how eagerly I shall watch the various stages of your career, and if you can find time now and again to write an account of your doings to an old man you will afford him the keenest gratification.

In my, I am afraid, prosy letters to you I have scarcely touched on your military duties. You will learn them infinitely better in the school of experience than I could ever teach you. Let me, however, beg of you to take your profession seriously, and to devote the first years of your career to acquiring a thorough knowledge of all the details and minutiæ of your calling. Knowledge acquired in youth is rarely forgotten, and I have seen too many men, who had idled away their best years, vainly endeavour to make up lost ground, not to be most anxious that you should avoid the pitfall of slackness.

You will meet many men who treat their responsibilities and duties lightly, and who will attempt to delude you with such specious aphorisms as "It is better to incur a slight reprimand than perform a disagreeable duty." Don't be led away by such pernicious sentiments. These are the very men who in time of stress and trial have neither the ability nor the moral fibre to rise to the occasion.

It is most essential that you should gain the confidence and liking of your men. The only way to do so is to obtain a thorough mastery of your work. However generous or easy-going he may be, the "bad drill," the ignorant commander, is never popular with his men. They are *men*, and they want a *man* over them. Therefore don't consider anything too trifling or too wearisome to learn.

Make friends with your non-commissioned officers, and get them to impart to you that knowledge of detail which marks the competent officer. They will be only too pleased to help you, for a capable officer makes their duties correspondingly easier.

Ride your men on the snaffle, but let them feel that the curb is there for use if called on. Never pass over a fault or neglect which has any appearance of premeditation, but be easy with the man who blunders merely through ignorance or stupidity.

Don't go stuffing your head with complicated tactical theories. Strive to get a good grip on your men and to be able to handle them swiftly and surely. The tactics will come of themselves if you have any natural ability as a commander, and the commander is born, not made.

All this may seem very trite advice to you, but believe me, my dear boy, as in any other profession so in the Army, early application and industry are the sole foundations of ultimate success. Under a competent officer the company's machinery goes like clockwork, and the competent officer stands well with his superiors, and can always obtain leave and many other indulgences. With the incompetent officer, on the other hand, the wheels are clogged, there is continual fault-finding and recrimination, and the men become careless and discontented.

Now, my dear boy, I must say good-bye and wish you Godspeed. All the advice I have given you lies in the words "Fear God and honour the King." Remember that it is the King's uniform you wear, and treat it accordingly. God bless you.

Your affectionate uncle,

J—— H——.

P.S.—I am dispatching to you to-night my two Joe Mantons, for which, alas! I have no further use. You will find them excellent guns, straight and hard-shooting. I daresay you will find some means of liquidating the enclosed cheque, which please accept with my best wishes. J. H.

Flowers in Diggings

MAKING THEM LAST LONG AND LOOK WELL.

Few furnished diggings, such as most men are compelled to occupy for some period of their lives, are exactly what one would call cheerful. The taste and ideas of the average landlady need a great deal of reforming and cultivation in regard to furniture, hangings, fixtures, and ornaments.

It is, then, absolutely necessary, for the sake of one's own spirits and comfort, to soften the crudities of one's surroundings in furnished apartments. And in no way can this be accomplished so effectually as with the aid of a few inexpensive and wisely chosen flowers.

During most of the spring, summer, and autumn there is a fairly constant and cheap supply of charming flowers even in the great cities; and the man in diggings will do wisely if he expends every week a small sum of money in the purchase of a few from the baskets of the flower-women.

It is not necessary to go into the full-blown florist's bowers of fragrance and beauty. If cash is no object, go by all means, for your field of selection will be considerably enlarged. But the flower-seller at the street corner always has a good stock at much lower prices, and though the variety may not be so great as at the shop, the flowers are just as fresh, just as beautiful.

WHERE TO GET FRESH FLOWERS.

Indeed, the street flower-sellers, depending on a critical public for support, are bound to have only the freshest blooms on sale. They buy in the expectation of a ready sale, and, therefore, their wares usually come straight from the early-morning market without the lapse of many hours.

It is often possible, in addition, to bring even the flower-women's prices down. They are sharp old folk as a rule, and when a well-turned-out young man comes along and looks admiringly at the gorgeous display, it is no uncommon thing for an extra penny or twopence to be added to the price of each bunch.

In their world flowers are worth just what the buyer can be cajoled into giving. In the shops it is different. There, a spirit of independence is rampant, and a customer will ask in vain, as a general rule, for a reduction of the price.

In buying flowers, choose those that are in season, rather than varieties that have been brought on by forcing. The former will last longer and look just as well.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN.

Choose those that are not fully out. Do not hesitate to select your own blooms. Flower-sellers have a way of flourishing the finest bunches in your face, and then giving you an inferior article which you decide to buy. Go out early in the day to buy, and see that your purchases have long stems, or as long as possible according to their kinds.

When you return home do not leave them long unattended. Hold them lightly in the hand, so that the ends of the stems do not get crushed and heated.

Let them have plenty of room in the vases. Flowers should never be cramped. See that the water in the vase covers not less, but rather more, than half the length of the stems.

The changing of the water should not be neglected. Every two days give them a fresh supply. If a little charcoal is put in the water at first, the water will keep fresh for a longer period. If flowers show a tendency to fade quickly snip off the last quarter of an inch of the stems and replace them in the water. Splitting the stems is also helpful in keeping them fresh. This enables them to suck up more easily the water on which they live while in the vase.

Fresh air is as necessary for cut flowers as for those that are growing naturally, but a draught is bad for them. Direct draughts will wither almost any flowers very rapidly.

In the arrangement of the flowers, there is ample room for the exercise of artistic taste and feeling. If the flowers are of the long-stemmed kinds, it is a very useful method to cut some shorter than others so that the blooms will rise one above the other and all will be seen.

Do not neglect the greenery. Insist on having a fair proportion of green foliage with the flowers, and work it into the vases easily and naturally among the blossoms.

THE CYCLIST'S OPPORTUNITIES.

Cyclists will often be able to buy large quantities of flowers very cheaply from cottagers when out for a Saturday or Sunday spin.

In this case the flowers should be completely wrapped in light paper and tied carefully to the handle-bars or the under-side of the saddle.

They should be wrapped up well in order to prevent the dust from choking them.

With ordinary care in their selection and treatment, flowers should last for practically the whole week, giving a touch of colour and sweetness to the diggings.

H. HOLBROOKE.

RULE OF THE ROAD ON THE RIVER.

Not many of us, who only infrequently go for a jaunt on the river, are aware that just as precise a "rule of the road" obtains here as on the pedestrian's highway. Here are some of the most important rules, as set forth in the "Rowing Almanac," a semi-official work:

(1) A row-boat going against the stream or tide should take the shore or bank—which bank is immaterial—and should keep inside all boats meeting it.

(2) A row-boat going with stream or tide should take a course in mid-river and should keep outside all boats meeting it.

(3) A row-boat overtaking another boat proceeding in the same direction, should keep clear of the boat it overtakes, which should maintain its course.

(4) A row-boat meeting another end-on in still or open water or lakes, should keep to the right, as in walking, leaving the boat passed on the port or left side.

(5) A row-boat with a coxswain should give way to a boat without a coxswain, subject to the foregoing rules in so far as they apply.

Much inconvenience—not to say disquietude of mind—is caused to many novices at watermanship when they have to pass a steamboat. The general rule is the same as for two row-boats passing; but, in shallow waters the row-boat should give way, in view of the other's greater draught.

THE PRINCE OF DEADHEADS

A SKETCH.

By S. MORSE CHAPLIN.

If there is anything that pleases me more than anything else it is to drop across a young man who has met with so little opposition in life that he has become what is politely called "full of himself." He is so refreshing, inasmuch as he has doubts about nothing. What he says is absolute, whether the subject of discussion is ties, socks, hat bands, or what Mr. Asquith really intends to do next.

If you could encounter Wilmington Wilton, however, you will believe that he is something of a philosopher, because he cares not which party is in power so long as they leave Wilmington Wilton alone. He has no desire to obtain autographed bats of great cricketers; boots that the centre-forward of the English international team wore in the match v. Scotland do not interest him, and the only butterflies that meet with his approval dance in the ballets of the Empire or the Alhambra.

Need it be further stated that Wilmington Wilton is a young man of excessive greasiness, that he affects glowing ties of hideous appearance in the daytime, that his sole literature consists of the estimable "Era," that he affects to understand the drama, that the alpha to omega of his interest in life is the stage?

Now, I invariably wear the grin which is referred to in all the best feuilletons as "sardonic" when I see imprinted boldly outside the box-offices of west-end theatres: "Free list entirely suspended."

I grin because Wilmington Wilton is to be found nightly in one or other of the west-end vestibules, smoking the cigar of criticism or the cigarette of satire, and the amount he receives "in the city"—every Saturday in a small envelope—would not allow of his lordliness.

Wilmington Wilton, you see, is the fortunate possessor of an uncle, who, contrary to all precedent of the family, became famous, a high light of the Green Room, and a man who could command his five guineas from any picture-postcard studio because he had the appearance of soft, wavy-haired effeminacy that a certain type of girl deeply admires.

Therefore, by reason of this august relationship, Wilmington's card admits him to any house that is not "booked right up." There are the deadheads of the Press, bill-exhibiting deadheads, deadheads of *the* profession itself, but all box-office managers will bear me out inasmuch as the relations-of-great-actors deadheads are the very worst of a bad lot which sadly needs sweeping away by some strong-minded, purposeful, actor-manager.

The last time I saw Wilmington Wilton, the Tragi-Comedy Theatre was going through the ordeal of a first night. The house was crammed from floor to ceiling, and while the ceiling was enjoying the amusement it had paid for, the floor which had received tickets "with the compliments of the management," was, with the exception of the "pit," of course, looking as unkind as possible about everything.

At the interval, missing by some mischance the upper circle buffet, I strayed unchallenged into the bar where the deadheads foregathered in great numbers and irreproachable style.

Experiencing the emotions that a sweep would feel if surrounded suddenly by trimly-dressed young ladies at a high-school prize-giving, I was somewhat relieved to find that a single human being, and that Wilmington Wilton, dared to address *me*—a pariah in a lounge suit from the back row of the upper circle.

Wilmington and I are on nodding terms in the city. In the city I would not stop to speak to him. Here I was glad to see him. It is a pleasure to meet even half a man of one's acquaintance in a crowd of the *élite* of deadheads who scorn such as descend to pay four miserable shillings and chance getting a seat at all.

"How *are* you, Wilton?" said I, heartily.

"Fair to cloudy, dear old soul," said Wilmington, greasily. "Fair to cloudy. Have a little soda with some whisky in it?"

A lady with Titian tresses served us.

I drank.

"Ain't it ghastly," said Wilmington in accents of horror.

"*I* think it's very good whisky," I said.

Wilmington regarded me languidly.

"My delightful youth," he drawled, "I mean the show—the play, you know. And, shade of Shakespeare, what a crowd, what a crowd!"

He was referring, I gathered, to the actors and actresses, who, to my mind, had taken their parts uncommonly well.

I looked at my programme and temporised with him. I expressed my opinion that the leading lady had made a decided "hit"—I believed that Wilmington would understand that term.

"My dear lad, she doesn't *take* that part—she wrestles with it. A more clumsy amateurised bit of cheap drama I've never seen before," said Wilmington. "Can't think what Barkingham (the actor-manager) engaged her for. She's gettin' fearfully up in the tooth, you know," he added pleasantly. "Wonder she doesn't ——"

Whatever Wilmington was going to map out for the future career of the leading lady—a clever and charming young woman of irreproachable reputation—I did not wait to hear.

I admiringly murmured the name of the actor-manager whom the ceiling of the house had enthusiastically afforded three "curtains."

"Pooh! Barkingham?" said Wilmington, derisively. He turned round and tapped a placid-looking gentleman on the arm. The gentleman was also possessed of a squint.

"I say, Squirrel," said my friend. "What do you think, me buck? Here's a chap here who thinks no end of old Barkingham."

The gentleman with the squint held up his *pince-nez* and peered at me.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "Jove!"

Horror exuded from the pores of his loose, pink skin.

"Barkin'ham sent me a brief," he said. "And, straight, Wilton, I hadn't a thing to do!"

"Should think not," said Wilton, "or *you* wouldn't be here, Squirrel. You're one of the nuts, aren't you, Squirrel?"

"Ha! ha!" said Squirrel, weakly, and turned to his whisky again.

Wilton whispered to me confidentially.

"That chap," said he, hoarsely, "has seen every play in London for the last ten years. He knows what's what, does Squirrel. Never paid a 'd' to go into a theatre in his life. Floats theatrical companies. Solicitor to two big music-hall combines. A hit."

At that moment the much-discussed Barkingham came in, breathlessly, on a search for the business manager.

Suddenly I found myself splendidly alone on the fringe of a battling crowd, and above all the voices of Wilmington Wilton and "Squirrel" arose.

"My dear chap—My dear Barkin'ham. Splendid show—success of your life. . . ."

MEN'S LANDMARKS.

To the average man there is nothing more interesting as a mild hobby, than the collection of little things that serve to recall incidents in his past life. Many men, in fact, possess such a numerous and varied store of trifles that they are able to trace back, pleasantly or otherwise, every year, nay, almost every month, of a career that has been full of incident.

A fairly dependable sign of a man's popularity is the possession of caricatures of himself, executed by some boon companion in an idle moment, and these, however crudely they may be done, it is not a bad idea to have framed. They will make very interesting additions to the decorations of your walls, indeed, are apt to be considerably lacking in interest, both to their owners and to visitors. What pleasure can a man derive, for instance, from the constant contemplation of a pictured landscape which he has never actually seen, or of a ship under full sail if he has never been at sea, or of a close finish for the Derby if he has never been on a racecourse?

But any little picture or sketch which has some direct connection with any event in his past life is of continual interest to him, and he cannot do better than frame it and hang it up. A man's rooms, so decorated, will always exercise a cheering influence on him.

SOME HINTS FOR LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS

It is an undisputed fact that few games possess in a greater degree than lawn-tennis the attribute of trying the player's temper and presence of mind. Except in the case of "pat-ballers," who hardly count, the game is played at such a fast pace that quick thinking and an even temper are indispensable to success. Here are a few good hints by one of the foremost authorities on the game.

Keep your eye on the ball when striking. Do not look at the opposite court or the net. Let your instinct guide you in the direction of your shot.

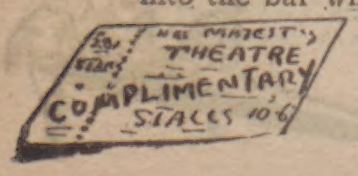
As soon as you have struck watch your opponent and try to anticipate his next stroke.

Never allow yourself to be convinced that any "return" of yours is too much for him until he has actually failed to deal with it. In the same way, never give up any ball of his without a good try to reach it.

Don't avoid back-hand strokes. Practise them diligently, for they will amply repay you.

Don't let the fact of your being ahead make you play recklessly. Play steadily right up to the end. But if you are hopelessly behind try a little hard-hitting.

Lastly, we may add a word in the matter of services. You have always two "tries," so that you will find it pay to put in the first one very hard, even at the risk of a fault. But the second ball should always be carefully served.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S RAID

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Trooper Kernahan, hot, dusty, and almost as dishevelled as his staunch companions, Stephen, Carteret, Alexander, swung his leg off his horse behind an ancient barn. With the rest of their Squadron they—the flower of the Territorial Cavalry—had been ruthlessly ruled out of the game by hard-hearted umpires. Squadron "B" had gone blindly, blunderingly and utterly wrong. They had outraged two distinct elemental rules of strategic operations; finally they had charged a body of the enemy of unknown numbers, over broken ground, and had come out of the fray officially slaughtered.

Squadron "B" dismounted behind that barn, and to all practical intents and purposes, disbanded. Their captain—and most of the non-commissioned officers, who burned for promotion—had long since ostentatiously joined the umpires and assumed the air of military attachés watching big Army manœuvres.

Sergeant Hall, who sought no further honours but called out continually for only one big drink, collapsed beneath the shade of a hayrick and drained his water-bottle.

The rest of the Squadron were seeking the wherewithal to water their horses, and it was Trooper Stephen, skirmishing around hedges, who finally signalled that he had discovered a horse-pond by some farm buildings.

Whereupon the Squadron mounted again and in disordered array proceeded thence down a by-lane, Kernahan hailing a half-dozen or so farm-labourers whom he perceived in the vicinity of some tumble-down sheds.

"In a strange country," said he to no one in particular, "the first rule is to make friends with all peaceably-disposed natives. . . . Hoi, Jarge!"

A sandy-bearded, clear-skinned and blue-eyed outcrop of the early Anglian formation, paused and wiped his brow with the back of his hand. Instinctively seizing a fork of the kind used to shake up straw bedding, spear mangold wurzels, and "work" a haystack, he advanced threateningly.

"And you doubt our British courage!" said Kernahan, winking. "Fly the white flag, Stephen."

Trooper Stephen, extracting a half-yard or so of more or less white handkerchief from his sleeve, obeyed this behest. Three other yokels had already grasped various implements of agriculture.

"You may think we're Germans by our uniforms, but we aren't, Jarge!" Trooper Kernahan called pleasantly. "We're the defenders of your bloomin' country—quite unappreciated by you and yours. . . . Jarge, we want a leetle water for our horses."

There was a consultation by the sun-bathed buildings.

"Come you on then, quick, an' get it over. . . T' maister used to be in the Yumanree, so like as not he 'ont make no bother. . . . Come you on then. . . . Them hosses look fair done up."

The natives advanced bashfully with the gait of good-tempered elephants, anxious to assist if "beer money" was likely to be forthcoming.

Ten minutes later, the disbanded Squadron was cooling under the shade of a haystack, and it was Kernahan, who, having made a "cap" for the natives, proceeded to get full value for his money by asking questions.

It was, it appeared, a remarkably dry country—no public-house nearer than St. Laves, three miles distant.

"You're off the 'igh road 'ere. If you rode right athawt the farm you'd cut off a corner, but there's the crops ——"

"Dam bad time for a field day," observed a wearied youth who smoked a cigar-end—a left-over from a hazy evening out at camp—fortunately discovered in a breast pocket.

Trooper Stephen scratched his head. Bremouth lay many miles distant.

"Why this must be Waldicott Hall Farm," said he suddenly. "Master used to be in the Yeomanry, you say, Jarge? . . . I say, Kerny, hanged if we haven't dropped bang on to old Oxborough's place—Jack Oxborough of 'C'."

Kernahan dropped his left eyelid slowly and turned to "Jarge."

"'Spose you're off back to the farm?" he hinted.

"No. . . . we're done 'ere for the day. Got to go down to the dairy. That's a good mile away. Good day to ye."

The natives slouched off.

Kernahan called out again: "But *that's* the way to the farm."

"No, you are to keep straight up the lake an' turn to the right agen. The barns are ayont them trees. Good day."

Trooper Kernahan watched them depart.

"Hall," said he suddenly, "has it struck you that the one refresher for a Squadron of thirsty Yeomen—beaten and bally-well disgraced Yeomen—is a draught of cider? . . . Old Oxborough is famous for his cider, too!"

"Yes, but he's as mean as a miser," said Sergeant Hall. "Besides, he wouldn't fancy sixty or so chaps tracin' over his precious farm. It would disturb his sylvan equanimity. 'Member what he said when he resigned, Alexander?"

"'Had enow o' this 'ere soldierin' business,'" Alexander quoted in the broad language of the county, "'Old Waldicott's lively enow for *me*. *I* don' want to go gallivantin' about the country with a lot o' cats on hot bricks like those beggars in "B" Squadron.'"

"Exactly, Alec!" Kernahan winked. "'Member what old Blenkinsop ——"

"*He* told Corporal Oxborough that he reckoned he'd look silly if every chap were to talk like that. Colonel pulled his old leg properly. Added that he'd have to defend his farm himself when the Germans came over. . . . Dry old stick, Oxborough!"

Trooper Kernahan rose suddenly and cast an approving eye on the tethered horses.

"'Have to defend his farm himself when the Germans came over,'" he said. "Hall ——"

"Hullo!"

"I've an idea that if we want any cider, that's the line we'll have to take with him. . . . What about blank cartridge? Ask the chaps—Stephen, Carteret, Alexander—and buck up about it."

There was a plentiful supply in all bandoliers.

Kernahan with his allies swiftly disseminated the idea.

Within five minutes, Sergeant Hall was in charge of half the Squadron, pledged to attack the Waldicott Hall Farm on all sides within twenty minutes on behalf of Germany.

As the Sergeant was haranguing his troops, Trooper Kernahan, with a band of potential defenders of an Englishman's Home, was cutting across the pasturage to the peaceful sylvan retreat of Jack Oxborough, late Corporal of the King's Own Royal Regiment, Blankshire Yeomanry.

II.

Their way led them over cart-rutted green, through open gateways, past cattle that went on with their browsing unconcerned, and by droves of sheep that ran away followed by their lambs. Yet for the love they bore their one-time comrade, these young men of Squadron "B" recked not of disturbing an entire farm.

The barking of an obscured dog somewhere behind a clump of bushes, greeted them as they rode swiftly up the drive to the front of Mr. Oxborough's trimly-kept house, whereon clematis and rambler roses flourished in profusion.

It was all part of the play that they should not wait for the ceremonial of clanging either the stableman's bell, or knock at the oaken door for entrance. Following a Yeomanry rule that prevails in the south countries, three men were detailed off swiftly to convey at least eight horses apiece and tether them by the stables at the back of the house.

In the meantime, the Squadron, headed by Trooper Kernahan, clanked through the freshly beeswaxed hall, looked unreservedly into the big low-pitched rooms of the old farmhouse and called out in strident tones for Corporal Oxborough.

His leggings off, Jack Oxborough, of slow wit but rubicund countenance, slept the sleep of the over-dined on an early Victorian couch in his sun-shaded dining-room. A farmer's life is not always a hard one.

He rubbed his eyes and gasped as the form of Trooper Kernahan filled his field of vision—a Trooper Kernahan utterly disregarding the rules of polite society by entering with his headgear still on.

"I've heard 'em callin' my name," he said, yawning. "'Spose this is all a dream. . . . 'Spose I shall wake up presently."

Trooper Kernahan, trembling lest a smile should twitch around his lips and send his followers into the uncontrollable laughter of boisterous youth, pulled himself up as well as he could, and with all the drama he could cram into his voice, he said, sepulchrally: "This, Oxborough, is the Reality!"

"Eh?" said ex-Corporal Oxborough, who was still yawning fitfully.

"The Reality!" said Trooper Kernahan, regaining his old confidence in himself.

Ex-Corporal Oxborough in utter amazement contented himself with absent-mindedly smoothing back his shock head of hair.

"You will remember what the Colonel warned you of. . . . Have you to-day's paper?"

Like Mr. Balfour, the ex-Corporal "did not read papers," counting the penny that a ha'penny journal cost him (with postage) a waste.

"No," said the Corporal. "Why—and why are you fellers *all* here? Not ridin' over my crops, I hope? And . . ." (sense seemed to be returning to the somnolent young farmer) "why the hell didn't ye knock at my door like gentlemen?"

"Because," said Kernahan with grandiloquent effect, "war is declared!"

"Oh, Lord!"

"And we've been sent here to defend your farm," Trooper Alexander put in.

"They've landed?"

"On our own coast," said Kernahan, testily. "Or why should we be here?"

"But what do they want my farmhouse for?"

"You ass!" said Trooper Kernahan withcringly, "What did they want the Boer farmhouses for?"

The argument was unanswerable to the ex-Corporal. Kernahan rather wondered why they *did* want the Boer farmhouses; also Hall was at least two minutes late with his opening German fusillade.

"There!" said Kernahan suddenly.

From the back of the house came the sound of firing.

"Upstairs—quick!" said the ex-Corporal, suddenly. "How many rounds have you?"

"Only ten apiece," Trooper Carteret snapped.

"There are thirty of us. That must account for three hundred men!" said Kernahan in the most approved style.

As a matter of fact there were ten rounds of blank in almost every magazine, left over from the day's bloodless battles.

Within two minutes ex-Corporal Oxborough's upper rooms had been utterly and completely disordered by Kernahan's men, who created as fair an imitation of Bedlam as was possible in such a little time.

Ask not how ancient chests of drawers were pushed up against the flung-up windows to provide cover; how pillows were ruthlessly jammed into an ungodly heap; nor how Trooper Carteret sent shivers down his own back by preparing gruesome yards of old sheeting for the possible "wounded."

Meanwhile the distant hedges were white with puffs of smoke, and the open country resounded with the noises of war.

Each of the upper rooms formed an ungodly, spectacle with Kernahan's gallant men bravely returning the fire of the enemy and keeping, realistically, well under cover. Thus for a good quarter of an hour the battle raged, and a hail of small stones cast upon the roof from behind the bushes by a couple of Hall's men who had crept nearer, drew forth from ex-Corporal Oxborough the remark that they were "firing high."

Then—they were a reliable set of mountebanks that half Squadron—they were afflicted with a great thirst.

"You see," Kernahan explained, modestly; "we've been riding hard all day. But we're holding 'em back!" he added, suddenly remembering his part, "we're keeping 'em at bay. . . . Be careful with your ammunition there, boys."

Upon this cue with one accord the "boys" gasped in chorus for something to slake their thirst.

The ex-Corporal, walking up and down seeking for some outlet for his energies (for obvious reasons he had been refused the use of a rifle, it being politely hinted in addition that his resignation from the ranks had probably made him unfamiliar as to their use) rapped out that there was plenty of water.

"Yes, in the well outside!" said Kernahan, scornfully; "with the enemy round this side of the house, too! Haven't you any beer—or cider?"

"Yes, cider!" came the chorus, very real in its suggestion of parched palates, for all water-bottles had long since been emptied.

"Yes—that cider—you spoke of so often at camp!" said Kernahan, ducking as the firing broke out again from the enemy, who had taken up a position only two hundred yards distant. "Four men—must help you up with a cask . . . (Alter your sights there to two hundred!) We'll give 'em a warm reception, now!"

"A warm reception!" echoed the Corporal in a dazed half-enthusiastic voice. His wits, far from quick at any time, were still in a frayed condition. He had been promoted in the old—the very old days.

He shuffled off down the stairs closely attended by four of the Squadron's strongest men.

As he disappeared, it was Kernahan who waved Stephen's handkerchief out of the window.

Two minutes later as the four men bore the two four-and-a-half gallon casks up the creaking stairs, strangely enough, the enemy selected that moment, when the defences were weakened, to charge and take the place by storm.

Breaking through by the front entrance, and past a quivering and ancient retainer they bounded up the stairs headed by Sergeant Hall, who was barely restrained by the cries of Carteret, who was attempting to carry up on a tray a stock of glasses and earthenware tankards—the house's complete capacity in that line.

Ex-Corporal Oxborough, who had seen the troops—and much beside—from a landing window, had collapsed speechless into a chair.

"I might ha' known," he groaned. "I might ha' known. It's a clear do by those bloomin' cats on hot bricks—those worryin', skylarkin' young fellers who——"

"Have come to sample your excellent cider, Corporal," said Kernahan, among the glasses. "Just for old lang syne, you know."

The ex-Corporal rose and faced his laughing guests. Twice he essayed to speak.

Then his fat face wrinkled into a sheepish grin.

"Well—gimme a glass!" said he. "It's the best cider in this county, and chance the ducklings!"

A GOOD PRACTICE-SHOT AT BILLIARDS.

Very often in the course of a hundred up at billiards, you will come across a winner which is delightfully simple if you know the trick, but which you will miss if you don't.

It is where the object ball is so close to the pocket that there does not seem to be room for your ball to go in off.

Put a lot of "non-cushion" side—billiard-players will understand the term—on your ball, and aim *not at the object* ball, but at the cushion just before it.

The cue-ball will glance off the cushion with a spin, strike the object-ball out of the way, and then curl sweetly into the open jaws of the pocket.

HEAVING THE LEAD.

AN INTERESTING POINT IN SEAMANSHIP.

The man who is invited to spend a week-end with friends who run a yacht or a bawley does not want to appear wholly ignorant of sea matters. These facts should help him.

The deep-sea lead is a tremendous thing, weighing about 30lbs, with from 100 to 200 fathoms of line, a fathom being six feet in length.

The line that the average man who is fond of the water is most likely to be called upon to use is the hand-lead line, which is 25 fathoms long, and has a lead attached weighing from 7lb to 10lb. The object of "taking a cast of the lead" is partly to ascertain the depth of water, partly the nature of the bottom.

For the latter purpose there is a hollow at the lower end of the lead, and you "arm the lead" by filling the hollow with tallow. An experienced mariner lost in a fog will use the lead to tell him where he is, for, knowing the bottom of the sea in his particular parts as well as he knows his own back-yard, he has only to read what the tallow plainly tells him to know with tolerable certainty just where he is.

The lead is hove from the chains in a ship, the bow of a boat, and it should be cast in the direction the ship or boat is travelling—ahead if going ahead, astern if going astern.

The lead-line is marked with pieces of leather and bunting. Thus at two fathoms there are two pieces of leather rove together, at three fathoms three pieces of leather. At four fathoms there is a deep, at five fathoms white bunting, six fathoms a deep, seven fathoms red bunting, and so on. At deeps there are no marks.

The way to repeat soundings is as follows: Say you find seven fathoms (marked with red bunting), you would call out "By the mark seven," but if you found nine fathoms, this is a "deep," and you would sing out "By the deep nine."

If the sounding gave nine and a quarter or nine and a half fathoms you would say "By the deep nine and a quarter (or half) tens, but if it were nine and three-quarters then the correct call would be "By the deep nine, a quarter less ten."

Two fathoms is "by the mark twain," the pseudonym which the great American humourist Samuel Clemens ("Mark Twain") adopted in memory of his days as a Mississippi pilot.

THE HOLIDAY I RECOMMEND.

By E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.

BEING A FEW SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE BEST DAILY TIME-TABLE FOR THE MAN WHO DESIRES HIS HOLIDAY TO BRING HIM BACK TO ABSOLUTE FITNESS.

9 a.m.
Rise.

9 to 10.
Bathe, shave, and dress leisurely.

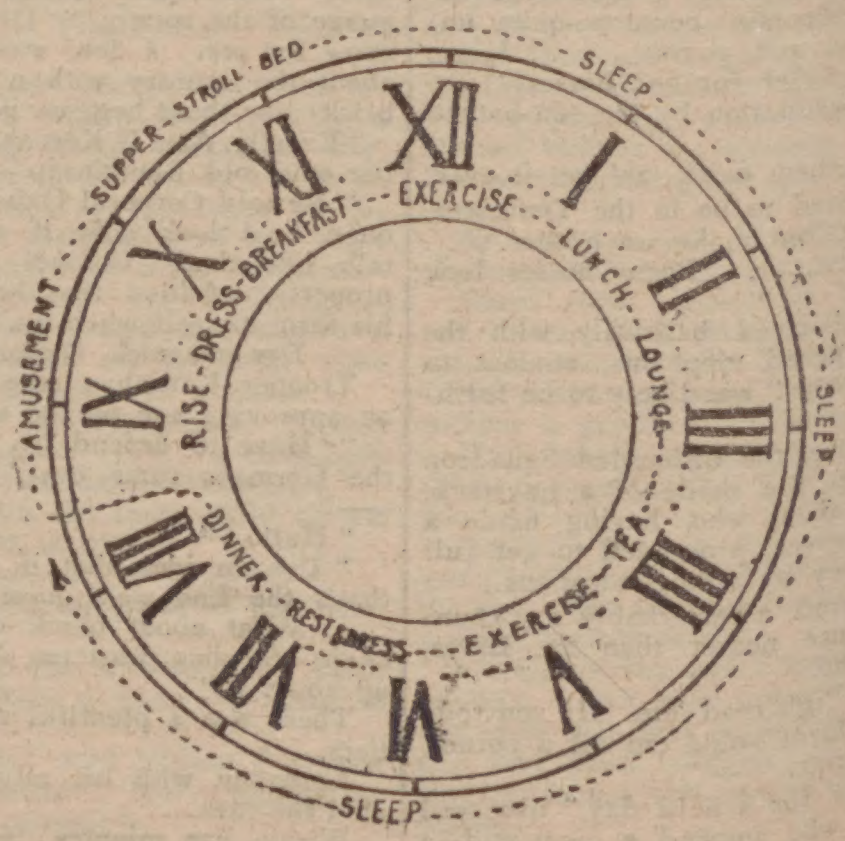
10 to 11.
Breakfast, have your first smoke, and read the newspapers.

11 to 1.
Walking, cycling, or other exercise.

1 to 2.
Lunch.

2 to 4.
Spend a lazy afternoon, lounging about and reading.

4 to 4.15.
Tea.



4.15 to 6.
Take a good stiff walk.

6 to 7.
Rest, and change your clothes for dinner.

7 to 8.
Dine.

8 to 10.
General amusement, preferably in the open air.

10 to 11.
Take a light supper, and have a stroll before turning in.

11.
Get to bed and make up your mind to sleep soundly.

MEN AND FRIENDSHIP

A true friend is another self.—CICERO.

It is infinitely harder to make a friend than the average man is inclined to think. Friendship of the sort that causes one man to stick to another "closer than a brother" is one of the rarest qualities in this competitive world. The chances are that it is growing even rarer since everybody is more and more involved in the daily struggle for his own hand.

But friendship of this true kind does indeed exist, and I should be inclined to say that among sportsmen it is most often found in its truest and staunchest expression. For in sport, though man strives against man, it is in an atmosphere from which all commercial and sordid considerations are banished.

Indeed I would rather run a race against my friend than against an acquaintance or an opponent, for I should go into the contest knowing that we were both thoroughly determined that whatever the result there would be no jealousy or heart-burning. Acquaintances we all have in abundance, but friends——. They are at any rate fewer. Into many lives I believe friendship does not enter.

A SHAM FRIEND.

The candid friend is of all enemies the most despicable. How he ever came to be called by such a name as "friend" passes my comprehension.

Friendship and the making of a friend is a perilous business. In trying to make a friend many a man has made an enemy, either open or covert. With the best intentions in the world I have done so myself.

Work threw me into constant contact with a man of my own age, and to a certain degree of my own tastes. The grip of his hand was to me a refreshing pleasure, and to spend a day with him tramping the country and taking pot-luck at wayside inns was for a long time one of my greatest pleasures.

I thought it was also one of his. We became confidential as to all our private concerns, exchanging (I thought) confidence for confidence. Not should I hold any stupid idea that one confidence should be balanced by another, but so it happened—again as I thought. I put my whole self before him, and lived before him as an open book.

THE END.

Then the crash came. He was out of work. I found the means of finding him a settled job at £160 a year. It was not a difficult job, and it allowed him leisure time to carry out his private work. He has since made something of a name in a walk of life I will not specify, for this is a bit of real life.

He took this position four years ago. He holds it now. And since that time he has never once taken me out, and I know for a fact that he has avoided me.

What was the reason? Simply that he regarded friendship as a means to his own advancement. He is, when it can be done without spoiling finer feelings, but his view ended with that idea. Incidentally the "leg-up" I gave him enabled him to complete a work he had set his heart on, but when this work was completed and half the time was talking about it, he never even thought of the friend who had made his success possible. It was a shock to me to lose him. It was a shock to him to lose me. Our views of friendship did not coincide.

ONE AT A TIME.

The instance is merely valuable as an example of the pitfalls there are in making friends or rather of friends. For I hold that though one may have many friends, one can only make one at a time. It is too exacting a business to enter upon it in a reasonable fashion.

From my friend I expect, in the first place, absolute openness. I do not want him to lay bare

his awful past, if he has one, or the minute details of his daily private life; but in all things that men may share I demand of him absolute truth.

If he carries about in his mind an ulterior motive, hoping to gain an object with my help, I do not call him friend. I become as one of the steps by which he mounts, and though no man would be more willing than I to give a man a helping hand, yet this must be only an incident in our friendship. It must not take the place of friendship, otherwise I become merely a dispenser of charity.

WHAT FRIENDSHIP MEANS.

I can only call a man friend when it is as clear to me as daylight in the country that his every word and action that bears upon our relations is done to help, and make plain to me his sincerity. If he leaves things unsaid or undone I must also be assured that it is not from a feeling that it would be unwise to tell me, but because he may not think it a necessary duty of friendship.

His mind in regard to me must be without reservations. The ideal friend is one with whom I can be natural. Not one man in a million—nor in ten million—is really natural unless he is alone.

I cannot call a man my friend who needs handling and tactful treatment. I am I, and he is he, and we must both have scope for our complete individuality, yet being one in the object of our friendship.

Friendship can never be the work of a moment. It must grow with knowledge of each other. Between the caution one must at first observe and the complete confidence of friendship there are many dangers.

THE EARLY STAGES.

While I must not let my friend realise that I am feeling my way through the first difficult stages of our acquaintance, I must also guard against the danger of being too communicative at the outset, for it is both awkward and humiliating to know that a man, who turns out to be unsuited to you as a friend and who becomes a casual acquaintance to whom you are indifferent, knows more about your concerns and your thoughts than one in such a relation to yourself should know. He may not even have the sense to forget all he knows.

Many a friendship that promises to develop into an ideal understanding is wrecked upon the hidden crags of money. To the idealist there can be no questions of which friends should keep clear, not even money, but how many men who believe themselves to be true friends can withstand the devastating effects of monetary transactions of any kind?

Money, I hold, is the crucial test of friendship, and one that is so firmly established as to be impregnable to money's influence is a friendship worth living for.

But it should never be forgotten that friendship has duties as well as rights. R. L. WHITLEY.

DRESSING ON £10 A YEAR.

SOME HINTS ON ECONOMY.

There are many men who, like myself, are expected to dress like a prince on the pay of an artisan. There is no chance of success or advancement for the "pen-pusher" or the "counter-jumper,"—or whatever opprobrious names you prefer to apply to the professions by which we earn our living—who does not dress well, and not merely respectably.

That there is an art in the wearing of clothes most people will be ready to admit. It is not always the amount spent on them which produces a good effect, but the way they are put on, the taste that chose them in the first instance, and the way they are kept in order.

One is continually being told that it is sound economy in the end to pay a good price for clothes, but even if this were true, it is not always possible.

In the case of the suit, however, it is undoubtedly true, and 45s. is the very lowest which one can pay for a suit that is going to be of any use at all. To pay £3 3s. if it can be afforded is good economy.

There are two ways of paying a large sum of this kind for a man whose weekly earnings do not amount to so much altogether. He can get the tailor to give him credit, or arrange to pay off the amount by instalments, or he can save up week by week until he has a sufficient sum put by.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the latter method is preferable. Make cash payments the basis of your budget and you will be able to get a substantial discount, as well as keeping clear of the burden of debt.

It is one thing to have to go on paying for a suit that you have worn perhaps for months, and another to put that money by while you still have the pleasure of looking forward to the new suit and keeping your eyes open for the latest fashions so that it may be up to date.

Before you give the order for it, study the tailors' shop windows and watch the well-dressed men you meet in the streets—a walk in the fashionable quarter of your town or city may be productive of various ideas. What you lack in money, you must make up in taste.

In some years, if a new overcoat or some other extra expense is necessary, the man with only £10 to spend on dress may be unable to afford more than one new suit; in other years two may be possible.

Always keep an old suit, no matter how old, for wearing when appearance does not matter. A pair of grey flannel trousers, which need cost no more than 8s. 6d., are also a most useful possession. They can be washed again and again, and look well with almost any coat and waistcoat for "undress" wear, so that they can be employed to save the trousers of your suits.

In the matter of collars, ties, socks, and so on, unless you can afford to get the very best, it is often economical—in my opinion at least—to get the cheapest.

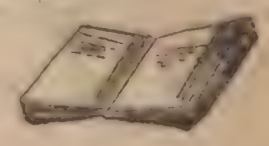
Ties are now made of wood fibre, mercerised cotton, and similar materials, which look almost as well as silk, and cost as little as sixpence-halfpenny or a shilling.

Socks at a shilling a pair are quite serviceable, but should be of plain colours, so as to be easily darned.

Collars at 2s. 3d. or 1s. 9d. a half-dozen are good for many months wear, though there are those who tell you that it is economical to buy collars at ninepence each.

Even if you do not keep accounts of your other expenditure, it is advisable to keep a small account book in which to enter your dress expenses for the year, and remember that £10 a year is less than 4s. a week.

G. REYNELL.



HOSPITALITY AS A FINE ART

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS WHEN YOU HAVE SOMEONE TO STAY WITH YOU.

If there is one unpleasant thing in this world it is to discover that a man, to whose visit you have been looking eagerly forward, is not enjoying himself.

You asked him to come and stop with you for a week-end; you expected to enjoy his company thoroughly; you knew he wanted to come, but obviously after he had been an hour or two under your roof he became bored—which means that you and he ceased to be in sympathy.

In ordinary circumstances you are capital friends. Why should you not be when you are offering him hospitality? For the simple reason that you are too self-conscious.

You are horribly afraid that he will not enjoy himself; you are conscious all the time of your duty to him as his host; and thus your good relationship of thorough and mutual understanding is thrown out of gear. You wonder why he is so dull; he wonders why you have dried up.

I am speaking, of course, of a host who is really anxious to make his guest comfortable and happy. There are some men who consider that they are conferring a terrific benefit on you by inviting you to stay with them. They believe that you ought to be delighted at the very fact of residing with them. Their only care is that their housekeeping arrangements shall be perfect and that you will be duly impressed with their establishment. Such men are fools.

THE QUESTION OF BEING OBLIGED.

You are not conferring an obligation on a man by having him to stay with you. He will make it up to you by a return invitation—or possibly you are only putting things even by having him after being to stay with him.

A visit should never be regarded as a favour, but as a pleasure. If you don't look forward to your friend's visit, don't ask him; you will be uncomfortable and he will be miserable. Also if you get an invitation to a place to which you don't want to go, don't go. You won't be happy, and your visit will be a burden to yourself and your host.

Even supposing that both you and your guest are looking eagerly forward to the visit, there is still need for discretion.

The first tip I would give to a host is to be cordial and to see that the members of his household will be cordial also. If they won't be, he shouldn't invite anybody.

WHAT IS CORDIALITY?

Cordiality can hardly be defined. Your host takes your bag, bolts upstairs with it to your bedroom, sees that everything you may want is there, and heartily asks you to shout if you want anything else. Any host will do that; everything depends on how it is done. One way infers "I do hope you'll be comfortable, for it's a pleasure to have you." The other is as much as to say "You see we know what a guest ought to have; our household arrangements are perfect; you are to do the correct thing by falling into line during your stay."

"Correctness" is the shibboleth of Suburbia. It is unknown in the highest classes and also amongst the working classes; but amongst the women of the lower middle classes of our big cities it is very rife, and it acts like a cold douche to the visitor.

Your sister or your wife, or whoever keeps house for you, will, if she worships the fetish of "correctness," sit in her drawing-room and calmly watch your guest make his way up the walk to your door. If she is, on the other hand, as genuine and unaffected as you are, she comes to the door with you to welcome him on the very threshold, for her thought is not "What will he think of me if I am over-cordial?" but "How can I make him happy during his stay?"

The woman of the house has much to do with the enjoyment of the guest, and if she is not to be depended upon in this respect, don't have a guest. You can ruin a friendship by giving a man a rotten week-end, whereas if you never invited him he would, at the worst, think you a bit indifferent.

STUDYING THE OTHER MAN'S TASTES.

If you have a chap to stay with you, study his tastes. If he is for a week-end, don't insist on his going to church on Sunday unless he is in the habit of going. Don't press him to drink if he doesn't want to. Don't drag him out for long walks if that sort of thing doesn't appeal to him.

As for your household arrangements—which Mrs. Suburbia considers only—they don't matter a bit. The right sort of chap won't care if he has to sleep on the floor, *provided he is made to feel that he is really welcome.*

That is the thing to study. Be hearty with him, give him what comforts you can, let him understand that your greatest object is to make his stay a pleasant one, but don't upset him by ridiculous artificiality and pretence.

If your house is poor, you cannot hide the fact from him by swank. Admit it frankly, and give him what is a thousand times better than anything money can buy—a good old welcome. If he is the right sort of chap, that will be all he asks for.

If he isn't, don't invite him.

WM. G. BROKER.

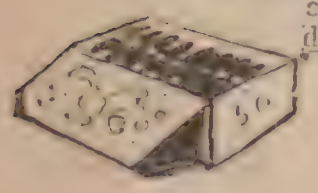
CHANGING YOUR MIXTURE.

One of the most enviable—and at the same time unenviable—of men is he who is wedded to one particular mixture of tobacco.

His evident enjoyment when he lights up a pipeful of it arouses envy in the hearts of men who derive less pleasure from tobacco—but they "get their own back" against him on occasion.

He goes, perhaps, for a short stay to some remote country village, where he finds, to his dismay, that he cannot obtain his cherished mixture. Then his misery is pitiful to see. He wires excitedly for a supply; and until it arrives, he moons dolefully about, chewing coffee-beans or munching apples.

It is in situations such as these that the case of the "one-mixture man" is particularly unenviable.



TURNS IN THE ROAD.

SOME POINTS FOR THE CYCLIST.

It is never brought home to the cyclist mind so forcibly how little he really in his memory the actual features of the he travels, as when he sits down at home in hand, and goes over the journey

Indeed, the whole subject of the impressions the cyclist receives, of those he retains why he remembers some and forgets why some he likes and some he dislikes, why others he positively abhors, is one of extreme subtlety and very considerable interest.

There is a vast gulf fixed between "knowing the way" from somewhere to somewhere else, and being able to follow it yard by yard, recalling to memory each and each branch, just as one recalls tures of a river's reaches.

For roads, perhaps more even than have stretches which give them their character and help to make them pleasant disagreeable to the speeding cyclist.

Not long ago a Bath road man, of the stretch between Reading and Newbury a stretch probably as well known to men as any in the Kingdom, with the exception of the Brighton road, complained bitterly of the weary miles of nothing graph poles.

I thought of him striving along that run, with his head down, in order to eyes from the perpetually recurring of stark tarred poles and business-like And then my own recollections of the stretch crowded into my mind.

Our points of view could hardly have farther apart; a fact that made me at the mystery of personality and the effects that the same circumstances have different characters. That road to me typifies one of the pleasantest aspects of our good English roads.

In the first place, it lies in an almost famed valley—the Kennet valley—in which it is ever a pleasure to pass. It has a sense of repose about it all, lying between famous towns at either end, and encircling some of the loveliest hills and downs. And as for the telegraph poles, why, even their humming was a pleasing reminder of humanity and all it means.

But there you are. Roads have extraordinarily varied effects upon different minds. To know a road one must have lingered on it lovingly. It is of little use to try and get its own special haunting atmosphere if it is hurried over with the mind fixed upon a point twenty-three miles beyond.

Looking at the boldly-marked diagram of the main road as it appears upon the map, nothing seems clearer than its course. No other roads seem to attract.

But get down on the road itself. In a moment the mind is offered half-a-dozen opportunities of making a wrong decision. There is a branch here, which looks just as important as the other: which is the main road? The man who has ridden that way before is, nevertheless, obliged to think twice, and perhaps dismount before he can be quite sure.

"I know that road perfectly," says one of a cycling party. "I've been on it scores of times." And all goes well till a point is reached that somehow has not made any impression on his memory or feelings, and he is lost.

For miles a man will cycle along with confidence, and then suddenly the road becomes unfamiliar. It recalls nothing to him of previous journeys, and he goes on blissfully. Then as suddenly, he enters a stretch that makes an impression, and all is well again. There are curious and interesting phases of cycling, and there is no man who escapes them entirely.

R. T.

POLO PONIES.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THEIR POINTS AND PRICES.

The polo season is in full swing and public interest in the rich man's game has been stimulated by the announcement that we are going to send a team over to America to try to recover the International Polo Cup, which the fine American players took from us last year.

Most people know that polo ponies are expensive little animals, but if anything be needed to emphasise their value it is to be found in the fact that the Polo Cup Recovery Committee are appealing for £10,000 to provide the ponies for our team.

Of course, a large proportion of this big sum will go in transport and maintenance expenses, but still £10,000 seems a pretty tall order for a few ponies, princes of their kind though they be.

Viscount Valentia, chairman of the Polo Cup Recovery Committee, informed the writer that he hopes at least sixteen ponies will be taken to America. But say as many as twenty are purchased, and making the liberal estimate of £3,000 for expenses, the price per pony works out at £350.

Were it not for polo, these same ponies would probably not fetch more than from £30 to £50 apiece for riding or driving purposes, and indeed a polo pony, afterwards valued at hundreds of pounds has been bought from between the shafts of a butcher's cart for a £5 note.

What then makes the polo pony so very expensive. To begin with, there is the difficulty of breeding him. A polo pony must not be the merest fraction of an inch over 14.2 hands or he will be disqualified from the game as a "dwarf" horse, but a distinct species, and his tendency is to "throw back" to his ancestor the horse, and to exceed the 14.2 standard.

On the other hand a pony that is much under standard is almost as useless for polo as one over it. The modern game calls for great speed, and the small pony cannot hope to "live" with bigger opponents when it comes to galloping.

A polo pony must have certain points; he (or she, for many of the best polo ponies are mares) must have a long neck. A short-necked pony is absolutely useless for polo.

On the other hand he must be short in the back, or he will never be able to turn with that lightning quickness which is essential to success at the game.

He must have strong loins, good feet, a well-placed, sloping pastern, and hard, flat, well-defined sinews.

A pony, however, may be just the right height, have all the proper points in perfection, be fast, and quick in turning, and yet not be worth a £5 note as a polo pony.

He is useless, absolutely useless, unless he has the temper of an angel. Nevertheless, with perfect good temper and docility he must combine any amount of "devil" and be full of fire.

Moreover, he must be courageous, ever ready to dash for a possible but dangerous opening, and to take the many hard knocks he receives from stick or ball without flinching.

He must be intelligent, and the intelligence a really good polo pony shows in following the ball, in making openings for his master, and in anticipating the intentions of other players is simply marvellous.

A good set of polo ponies have as much to do with winning a game as have their riders.

Is it any wonder, after all, that, race-horses apart, a first-class polo pony is, for his size, the most costly bit of horseflesh alive?

HARRY WELLS.

SOME USEFUL HINTS THAT WILL SAVE MONEY.

To every all-round sportsman—*i.e.*, to the man who is a keen devotee of more than one sport or game—there is bound to come a time when one or more of his sporting implements begins to show signs of wear and tear. And most men, in such cases, instantly carry the invalid weapon round to the sports outfitters to be repaired, a service for which they will perhaps have to pay not a negligible sum of money.

But there are many of these little operations that a man can do just as well and far more cheaply himself; and it is the purpose of this article to enumerate some of them.

MENDING A FISHING ROD.

For instance, after a season or so's constant use, you may find that a tiny split is discernible in one of the joints of your fishing rod. Well, if it is taken in the first stages, there is no necessity to buy another or to go to any great expense to have it repaired.

Get a little glass-paper or emery-paper, and with it take off all the varnish round the split portion of the rod, and also a little above and below it. Then bind the smoothed portion tightly round and round with the finest procurable electric fuse wire, which you will be able to get for about twopence or threepence from any ironmonger. Strengthened in this way, the joint should be able to stand any ordinary degree of strain.

Not every man knows how to peg a cricket bat. This is a very useful thing where the blade has been cracked along the edge through faulty timing of fast balls, though, of course, it is not practicable when the crack is in the middle of the bat.

Along the side of the blade—*i.e.*, at right angles to the crack—bore about three small holes with an awl at equal distances apart. The holes should be about an eighth of an inch, or a little more, in circumference, and should go past the crack in depth. Now shape three little pieces of some hard wood, just a little longer than the depth of your holes so that they fit them tightly. Smear these pegs with glue or some kind of cement, and hammer them in. Then shave the protruding stumps smooth with the side of the blade.

Bats treated in this way should not be used for a day or two afterwards, in order to allow the glue to dry properly.

A FENCING TIP.

Many fencing men use little indiarubber "buttons" on the ends of their foils, but these are somewhat unsatisfactory, as the steel tip is apt to cut through them after a little use.

A good expedient which is practised in all the military schools of France, the home of the sport, is to twist strong tarred twine (procurable at any sports outfitters) round the metal tip. This needs a certain amount of practice, but the knack is soon acquired; and tips treated in this way last much longer than the indiarubber button.

Prevention is better than cure, as we all know, so that we may conclude these repairing hints with a piece of advice that may save a good many of our readers much trouble.

When you put aside your football bladders for the summer, do not deflate them entirely. The heat will probably cause them to stick together inside, and crack when they are next blown out. Leave just enough air in to keep the sides apart.

J. SULLIVAN.

GOING IN LAST MAN.

What ordeal is more terrible than "going in last" at cricket? You are the last hope of the side. If the enemy manage to "out" you, all is over.

Your partner does not diminish your nervousness. If he is a better player than you, he mutters "Don't try to score. *Keep in*, and I'll make the runs." If he is a poor player, he urges you to "Score for Heaven's sake, old chap; but look out for the fast man's yorker. It's like a cannon ball!"

But all this is forgotten if you have the felicity of making the winning hit! This is one of the few glories that fall to the lot of the "last man."

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge (Actual Size)

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE UNBELOVED VAGABOND

By SIDNEY NORTH.

It was once a meadow, but by dint of much rolling, much mowing, and a series of backache-producing attacks on the roots of the offending buttercups and daisies, it is now the "South Lawn" of my house that stands back from the roadside at Kingshorton, where one wallows in the uneventful until the eventful emerges therefrom.

If the world were only as big as a walnut, the people in it would be sizeable in proportion. That is the reason why things that you in the cities treat as of no account are much to us.

The arrival of the tit family is nothing to you, the fact that such trees as you see in Suburbia have burst from bud into leaf is of but little interest. Early flowerings, the butterflies—from Purple Emperors to Brown Fritillaries—all are things that the eye sees but the brain fails to record them. A tramp comes to your door mayhap. You give him a penny or a kick—usually a kick—and you think of him no more.

But if the tremulous tramp opens my gate, I call to him from beneath the shade of my oak tree. Of course he has not perceived me, or he would not have attempted to come down the garden path. A tramp is a gallant inasmuch as he prefers to address his conversation to womenfolk only.

I learned this first of all from a gentleman of leisure who, as he put it, was making the grand tour of England on foot.

He walked past the elms at my garden gate after the manner of all Unbeloved Vagabonds. Yet when he saw me he did not attempt to beat a retreat. He was Napoleonic. He raised his dilapidated hat and came forward. I recognised in him a country gentleman worthy of the name, a landless squire, a lover of nature in constant commune with her, a son of the free skies bearing the insignia of his liberty upon his well-tanned face.

That he gazed half apologetically towards a rather rickety rustic seat of my own construction did not surprise me.

"Take a seat," said I.

When the good rain falls, it has its full toll of washing, you will understand.

The Unbeloved Vagabond assumed an air of contrition, and with a well simulated sigh he sat down.

"A bit o' rough food," he began, "is what I've come to beg o' ye——"

"Tiffins," said I, "will bring my lunch in a minute. You can share that. Bread and cheese—and ale."

I saw him flinch at the bread and cheese. The ale, however, prevented him from breaking into a run.

"You ain't a-jokin'?"

"No."

"But that Tiffins—you ain't tryin' to be funny are ye? I—I never fancied dogs, sir—'cept a Pekinese puppy wot I found once—and I made two quid out of him from another lady. 'Owever, Tiffins sounds to me like the name of a—a——"

"Bulldog," I suggested.

He whined.

"I ain't done you no harm. Let's go. I don't want no Tiffinses set on to me."

"I can see that you take me for a trainer of bulldogs," I said, severely.

"Yus. I can see it all in me mind's eye, same as it's pictured on the front pages o' magazines. Bulldorg holdin' a lunchin' basket and standin' on the Union Jack. . . . I ain't ve-very hungry. I'll go, sir."

"Tiffins!" I called out. "Tiffins!"

"Sit down!" I added to the Unbeloved Vagabond. "By this time Tiffins will be on the garden path. You're safe here."

I heard him dimly ask a passing rook why, oh why, had he entered my garden?

He sat still and—Napoleonic once more—grimly awaited the arrival of Tiffins.

Tiffins appeared suddenly from behind a tree, smiling.

I should explain that for a country boy of unknown parentage, snatched by me from the rural workhouse, Tiffins is not bad-looking as youths of seventeen run.

Also his education, in such things as matter to him, has been liberal. He knows how many rows of peas make three. Wild horses would not drive him to bring the luckless yellow cabbage-bloom into the house. Hob-nailed boots, he knows, are things ordained by Providence to be scraped on the iron scraper before my threshold is crossed.

At set seasons he goes forth to sow in the kitchen garden; later on he thins out the peas to the prescribed eighteen inches apart. He is at heart a gardener, a shock-headed Adam in a miniature Eden.

I see his pure blue eyes widen in admiration as the little green things of the soil begin to stand up like green fairies in a transformation scene. The day he has to support the peas with the sticks is a day of exceeding delight to him. He appreciates *life* from sucking pigs to flowering cherry trees.

So much for Tiffins. He enjoys some other name that Farmer Hoffer, Worplesdon of the Lone Barn, and the landlord of the Queen's Head Inn gave him at his baptism, wherein he was made a member of the local workhouse, and a small Being chargeable to the Rates of our District Council's levying. But that name has been merged into Tiffins. Oblivious of the fact that I am yet a bachelor, he has declared his intention of instructing my ultimate great-grand-children in the art and practice of raising peas and beans—which to Tiffins's mind is a man's only *raison d'être*.

It was this Tiffins who, with reproving eye, observed my guest. He has a muscular arm, has Tiffins, despite his seventeen years.

"Did you want 'im to make tracks, sir?" asked Tiffins.

"The gentleman," said I, "is lunching with me. He has been here ten minutes, and has told me nothing of his family history yet——"

I looked suddenly at the Unbeloved Vagabond.

He was staring very hard at Tiffins—rather as though he expected him to change into the fictitious bulldog with which he had first associated the name.

"Wot's up with you?" asked Tiffins, suddenly. "P'r'aps you'll know me next time, eh? Guv'nor, *was* you wantin' this bloke to make tracks?"

His tone was appealing.

"Draw another jug of ale," I said, sternly.

The Unbeloved Vagabond saw that he was under the majesty of my protection.

"Your father brought you up uncommon bad, young man," said he to Tiffins.

"Never had no father as I can remember," said Tiffins.

"Same remark applies to your mother then." I caught the suspicion of a quaver in his voice.

Tiffins drew himself up.

"My mother," said he, "was the most respected woman in the work'ouse. They say I take after her, don't they, sir?"

I nodded my head. I do not discuss that frail, almost visionary person, Tiffins's mother. Tiffins's acquaintance with her extended over a protracted period of some months.

According to the records of that institution, Kingshorton, which forms an exclusive part of the Board of Guardians, a woman who was a confirmed slave to her empty stomach and certain predilections as to forget her name, staggered one night bearing in her arms a three-months-old child whom, at the end of a further three months' fight, in which a frail constitution succumbed over the Guardians' efforts to feed and vaccinate her on their gruel, she left nameless.

Tiffins has a mark on his right arm—a curving red mark above the elbow—which he exhibits proudly to me as being the reason that he has "taken after his mother," and which, it seems, bore a similar sign of distinction.

As Tiffins disappeared behind the trees for the day, the Unbeloved Vagabond sat thoughtfully caressing his stubbly beard.

It seemed to me that his eyes twinkled a little.

He bit at his nails and nodded towards the chestnut trees behind which Tiffins had just become lost to view.

"That's a good boy," said he after a pause.

I felt this an occasion to enlarge on the advantage of industry.

I spoke of Tiffins in glowing terms that I would not have let him hear for worlds. I was beginning to tire of the Unbeloved Vagabond's society, however, for I wanted him to talk of himself.

"Look here," I said laughingly. "You haven't told me of your own family yet."

I bantered him lightly. He looked a well-nourished, well-set-up man. Also I had an old pair of boots with which I intended to alleviate any mild tingle my remarks might cause him. I proceeded to make fair game of him.

"Told you of my family," he slowly. He was still staring blankly those chestnuts—and not seeing them, ready to warrant.

In the Rectory rookery opposite, a black rook gave vent to a solemn flapped his wings and spread out straight a dart overhead.

My visitor watched the bird idly.

"I'm alone," said he. "Making a tour of England—alone."

He laughed.

"Luggage is a nuisance," he added.

"What about your wife and five children, two of them down with measles, a third with a broken leg, and the other two babies in arms?" I was quoting accurately from a previous earlier visitor in the week. "Come, come. You are not up to the mere rudiments of your profession."

He caught my humour.

"Ah, you like your little joke, sir. I ain't one of that sort, sir. I get work when I can and when I can't I beg my way honestly enough. I tell the tale to 'em 'cept them as right down asks for it, it's the truth I tell 'em——"

At that moment Worplesdon of the

Barr, a man of sour disposition at times, came across my buttercup-less lawn.

Seeing the Unbeloved Vagabond, he drew up.

"Who's your friend?" he asked me.

"A gentleman of the road," said I.

Worplesdon fixed the Unbeloved Vagabond with his eye.

"Has he pitched you the same yarn as he did to me?" he asked me. "Has he bin tryin' to make out as he's lookin' for his wife an' child that he lost seventeen year ago?"

The Unbeloved Vagabond rose suddenly and pulled himself up so that I perceived there was a fine frame under the threadbare clothes.

"Since seeing you I've found them—or some of them," said he.

"A likely tale," Worplesdon sneered.

"A tale I can prove," said the Unbeloved Vagabond. "If that boy who's now comin' across the lawn's got a red mark, like a whip lash on his arm, then he's my son!"

All unknowing of the imminence of a family tie, the invaluable Tiffins was walking slowly across the green carpet, his eye on the beautiful jug.

"How do you know it's like a whip lash?" I asked of the Unbeloved Vagabond.

"Because I—I was drunk and ravin' at the time—I caught her over the arm with a whip when—when I ought to ha' bin shot for layin' a finger on her." He paused and set his teeth. "Next mornin' I woke in a hedge. I never saw her again."

I looked at Tiffins and decided that he had made a very unwise selection in fathers.

"Shall we take it," I said, "that the boy has no mark on his arm?"

The Unbeloved Vagabond nodded.

"I s'pose so," said he, heavily.

The next minute the three of us were drinking the good ale.

It was the Unbeloved Vagabond who perceived there was some still left in the jug.

Reading his look I handed it to the faithful Tiffins.

"Boy," said the Unbeloved Vagabond, obliging me, by drinkin' to—your father."

FREAK GAMES.

The indifference—not to say antipathy—that the British public shows for any freak game is interesting to note. Men seem to resent in a kind way variations of their cherished games and pastimes—variations which in many instances partake of the nature of caricatures—and their resentment is easy to understand.

Two games in point, which do not date more than a few years back, are the games of pushball and vigoro, the former an importation from America, and the latter a kind of cross between lawn-tennis and cricket. Neither of them excited more than the feeblest interest, and both have now sunk to the level of exhibitions at big circuses and similar entertainments.

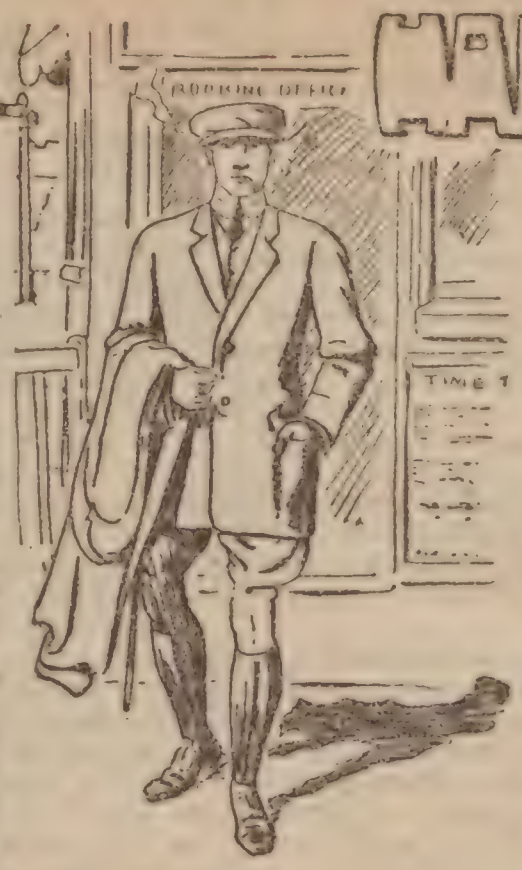
Significant, too, is the oblivion into which have fallen the various freak billiard games (on oval tables, and so forth) that were introduced some years back.

HOW TO CLEAN A FOUL PIPE.

Here is a way of cleaning a foul pipe which will prove effective when all other methods have failed. Procure a kettle—preferably one in which little store is set by your domestic powers that be"—fill it with water, and remove the lid airtight by "plugging" putty or stiff bread round it. Then place the bowl of your pipe over the spout of the kettle, and fasten it on tightly with an old handkerchief or cloth in such a way as to exclude the air.

Put the kettle on the fire or the gas, and, when the water boils, a jet of steam will be driven through the pipe, bringing all manner of impurities with it. In about five minutes your pipe will be as clean and sweet as when you first bought it.

HOLIDAY HAPPINESS



THE QUESTION OF PREPARING IN ADVANCE.

Several of the London daily papers are now running bureaux for holiday information. By writing to them you can obtain pamphlets regarding the various holiday resorts, and many of them also keep a register of lodgings and hotels.

Usually the addresses they give you in this connection are unsatisfactory. They are collected not from the recommendations of readers but from the small advertisements which have appeared in the paper itself, and when you investigate things on the spot you find that the lodgings they are alleging to be comfortable and moderate in cost are not only most uncomfortable, but also expensive.

That, however, is by the way. The point worth noting is that the very existence of these bureaux show a terrible lack of the true holiday spirit amongst the general public.

A COMPREHENSIVE QUERY.

As one who has worked in a journalistic office, I have several times had to reply to such a letter as this:

"I propose making a walking tour in the Lake District. Please tell me which towns to stop at, and also which hotels to patronise. If you know of any places where I could put up comfortably, and more cheaply than in hotels, please let me know."

The man who writes a letter like that does not deserve a holiday.

The tourist who goes abroad and wants everything cut and dried for him has a reasonable excuse, for the country he is visiting is new to him, the language is strange, and he is afraid that if left to his own resources he would run into expenses that would bring his holiday to a disastrous and early conclusion. On the other hand, the man who demands all sorts of information in advance, when the holiday he contemplates is one in the British Isles amongst his own people, is robbing that holiday of what should be one of its chief enjoyments.

Our everyday life and labour is not romantic, but there is within each of us an element of romance, and it is only at holiday time that we can gratify it.

THE ROMANCE OF IT.

What romance is there in taking a tour where every stopping-place is mapped out and arranged beforehand? But how much romance there is in taking, as it were, your holiday time in your hands and doing your best to make yourself comfortable as you go along, looking out for good hotels, learning by experience how to select them, economising here and there in order that your funds shall stretch to the end of your vacation, and generally making a thorough sport of your respite from work.

There are some men who, when they go on a walking or a cycling tour, have changes of underclothing, handkerchiefs, and so forth, posted in advance to different points that they will visit. Their foresight would be excellent if the matter in hand were a business matter, but it is not. It is a holiday, where freedom from care and thought is of the very essence of pleasure.

The man who is going to reap the utmost benefits from his holiday takes but little with him, a light waterproof, a walking-stick, and a toothbrush are probably his only impedimenta. Clean shirts and socks he buys as he needs them, and he posts home those he has discarded.

Above all things he is free. Should he find a district dull, he can leave it, for there is nothing to compel him to visit any particular town.

Much of the pleasure of a holiday lies in anticipation, and that pleasure you should certainly permit yourself to enjoy. Study a map of the district you are going to visit, read up about the different places of interest and revel in anticipation of the pleasure that seeing them will be to you, but do not tie yourself down to an unalterable route. Make up your mind that such and such are the points you intend to visit, but leave the whole thing elastic, so that without a moment's hesitation you can, if during the course of your journey you decide to do so, alter your itinerary without compunction.

Freedom from having to stick to any sort of definite time-table is the essence of successful holiday-making, and you will not enjoy this freedom if you have trammelled yourself with the wholly unnecessary restraint of an over-arranged plan. H. CRAIGIE.

WHY SOME MEN AREN'T FIT.

Very often you will come across a man—possibly, indeed, there is one of the kind working in your office—who, for some reason which nobody can explain, never looks or feels fit.

He takes exercise, doesn't smoke to excess, lives an ordinary healthy life, and he has no hereditary or organic weakness. Yet he always looks "seedy." Why is this?

It is ten pounds to a sixpence that that man scamps his breakfast. He is probably one of those men who eat only a piece of dry toast, with, perhaps, a scraping of marmalade on it, with a cup of tea, for the morning meal. If this is so, it is no wonder that he is never fit.

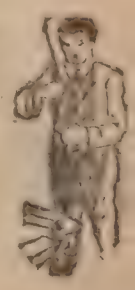
Breakfast sustains a man for the arduous work of the day, and it stands to reason that it should be a satisfying meal. A dish of porridge, some bacon and eggs, and a cup or two of good hot coffee should always be indulged in by every worker who wants to keep in good health.

SOME BILLIARD HINTS.

It may be of use to some of our billiard-playing readers to note those few failings common to most beginners. Foremost among them is a tendency to indulge overmuch in winning hazards—i.e., "potting" strokes—especially with the red ball, regardless of the stroke that will be "left on" when the red is placed on its spot. Billiard instructors lay special stress on the statement that "billiards is billiards, not pool" and sternly discourage frequent potting.

Another thing which most amateurs forget is the importance, when playing a loser, of striking the object-ball with such strength as to leave it over a pocket—of course, *not* in baulk. If this is done, another loser is *ipso facto* provided.

Again, don't neglect cannon-playing. A cannon will often save the situation where apparently there is, to use the vernacular of the game, "nothing on."



ANGLING OUTFITS.

HOW TO CHOOSE AND PRESERVE GOOD TACKLE.

At this time of the year it is a sovereign to a penny that a great many men who are quite inexperienced in the sport of angling will be persuaded by enthusiastic friends to take it up.

Doubtless in many cases some difficulty will present itself in the matter of the outfit to be procured, and the method of looking after it, once it has been bought.

To men in such a position, then, this article may be welcome.

Let us take the rod first of all. These may roughly be separated into three classes, for fly-fishing, for spinning, and for general use. On the whole, the last is the most to be recommended to the beginner.

It should consist of four main pieces, and the bottom joint should be hollow throughout so as to admit of four slender "tops" being stowed away in it. One of these tops should be short and stout, for pike; another moderately stiff one should be used for perch; while for dace, roach, or gudgeon a still finer one is advisable.

Such a rod is inexpensive and will last a long time with care. It should be scraped and varnished from time to time, when signs of wear begin to be apparent. When a ferrule works loose it should be taken off, the end of the joint should be soaked in water to expand it a little, and the ferrule re-fixed with resin.

To prevent them from contracting, a "stopper" of wood should always be placed in the opening of each of the joints when the rod is taken to pieces after use.

A word, now, about lines. These are to be had dressed (*i.e.*, treated with a waterproof preservative) or undressed, for use with a Nottingham winch, but for general purposes a dressed line is preferable.

When buying a line satisfy yourself that it is sound. A general line is seldom longer than thirty yards, so that you can easily unwind it and pass it between your finger and thumb, with your eyes well "peeled" to discover a flaw.

After a day's fishing, always wind the portion of the line that has been wetted round the back of a chair, so that it may dry thoroughly, but even with this precaution a line will be found to rot occasionally, and it is always best to try it before using.

For the man who has freshly taken up angling, a combination wood-and-metal winch with a simple catch is all that is required.

By no means the least important angling accessory is the hook. This should be most carefully tested and examined before being bought. Many hooks of inferior workmanship are sold which either straighten out and release the fish, or break like a match with the same result.

Always, therefore, test your hooks by sticking them into a soft piece of wood, or pressing them gently on your thumbnail.

For worm-fishing a good hook to get is a fairly long-shanked one, with an outstanding barb high up, to keep the worm in position.

Don't buy floats of all the colours of the rainbow. Get ones that have the upper part blue or red, and the lower half white. Although floats are so trifling and cheap that this hint is hardly neccessary, here is a good way of making one in an emergency.

Burn a small hole through a cork, cut it into the usual pear-shape with a sharp knife, plug into the lower end a small piece of carefully-shaven wood, and a piece of goose-quill into the top. The line should, of course, be passed through, from end to end; and this home-made float will be found to serve its purpose quite satisfactorily.

G. PATTERSON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

MORE BUSINESS. Once again I feel it my duty to devote part of My Notebook to purely business matters. I know that there are some readers who are not interested in the business side of this paper, but they are so much in the minority that I think I shall be excused for giving you the latest facts concerning what has probably been the biggest step in the whole history of the journal.

You will be glad to know that the formation of the Company has been a complete success. Applications for shares have come from all quarters of the country, the sums invested by readers varying in amount from 10s. to £100.

I may say, by the way, that I am particularly glad to have the support of those of my readers who can afford to invest only a little, for the more shareholders we have the better.

I explained last week that the minimum number of shares that can be allotted to any one applicant is five. To secure five shares you must send 2s. 6d. on application, 2s. 6d. on allotment, and 5s. as and when required.

This clears up a point which has not been plain to certain readers who have written asking me the minimum number of shares that would be allotted. As you will see, the total payment for five shares is only 10s., and there can be no further call whatsoever upon the holder of them after he has paid the 10s. Moreover the sum payable is so distributed that its payment cannot inflict a hardship upon anyone, and I am most anxious that everyone of my supporters shall hold at least five shares in the company.

Do not let it be supposed, however, that I am unappreciative of the support that my wealthier readers have given me. Those who have invested £100 and other large amounts have done much to strengthen the Company in the way of working capital, besides obtaining a very sound investment for themselves.

Of the 80,000 shares offered for subscription, there are still some to be allotted. I did not put on the prospectus any limit as to time during which applications would be considered, for I was anxious that those readers who might not at the moment be able to afford to take shares should have an opportunity for doing so later. I must say now, however, that they should delay no longer, for unless their applications are received at once there is every likelihood of our having to return their money.

For the benefit of those who have not yet applied for shares, I am reprinting the application form on page 17 this week. I shall be happy to send a full prospectus to any readers who care to apply for one, or you may consult the prospectus which appeared in the issue before last.

DISCUSSING SUBJECTS. "I should very much like to be present," writes an Exeter reader, "when you are discussing subjects for stories and articles with your contributors. I expect that to hear the plot being argued out would rather take away from the glamour of the story when it appears in print, but still I am sure it would be interesting."

It would, I daresay, be interesting, but I am almost certain it would be disappointing.

With each of my regular contributors I have a definite method of discussing subjects.

Mr. Garratt is, I think, the most trying of them all, for he never seems to be paying any attention while you talk to him, and you are pleasantly surprised to discover in the next work he sends you that he has not only absorbed in detail all the hints you gave him, but has carried them many stages further.

IN A BACKWATER. One of the best stories [illegible] wrote we discussed [illegible] under somewhat unusual circumstances. He was staying with me for [illegible] week-end, and I was taking him down the river in a punt. It was a winter evening, perfectly dark; moreover, there was a drizzle.

Mr. Garratt, who likes to take his ease, stretched upon some cushions at the stern while I steered a dubious course down a narrow backwater.

It was much too dark to see distinctly, and I do not blame myself for occasionally running the nose of the punt into one bank or the other.

My attention was divided between negotiating the passage and discussing the story I have referred to. Garratt was listening, but my most earnest instructions with regard to literary style and [illegible] matter were interrupted by moans from the cushions and appeals that I would be careful. He begged of me to have pity upon his artistic nerves, and swore that if ever he reached the bank alive he would never, never be so foolish as to come again with me [illegible] a punt.

At the time I half-supposed that he meant it, but afterwards I saw that it was merely his particular style of humour, for he kept on attending, as the story proved, more [illegible] to everything I had been telling him.

THE CASE OF STERN. It is different when I discuss plot with Mr. Adam Stern. He sits in the arm-chair beside my desk, and we both talk very quickly, and very much to the point. Often he comes to see me on my busiest days, but that does not matter, for he is a man who can transact business with great speed.

We sit talking and staring at each other as one does when one is thinking and speaking rapidly, and in five minutes or so the interview is over and done with and a satisfactory programme for future work arranged.

I believe in treating contributors and everybody else as individuals. I hardly think that you can classify people into groups, for everyone is different from his neighbour.

"MODERN MAN" CIGARETTES. Recently I was approached by Messrs. Bewlay, one of the largest firms of tobacconists in London, and proprietors of the well-known Flor-de-Dindigul cigars, in regard to a suggestion which appealed strongly to me.

They were, they informed me, bringing out a new brand of high-class Virginia cigarettes and a new brand of smoking mixture, and they wanted to know whether I would object to their using the name of the paper in connection with them.

I felt that they were conferring a great honour on me, and I also realised the value of the additional publicity this paper would receive, and I gave them my permission very willingly.

I want you to understand that neither MODERN MAN, LIMITED, nor I personally am in any way interested financially in the cigarettes or in the tobacco, so I may give my opinion of them candidly—an opinion they fully deserve.

I consider the cigarettes to be the best Virginia I have ever smoked, and I also carry them, for it is pleasant to see the name of the paper in letters of gold on each of them. The smoking mixture is also excellent.

I trust that both will be as successful as they deserve.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

A GRIP OF THE HAND.

WHAT IT MEANS TO A MAN.

It is something with a great deal more than a prayer in it.

What is a prayer, after all?—a fervent wish, strong according to your faith, that good will befall the person you pray for. You believe that your prayer will be answered.

But always in prayer there is the human—the weak, if you like—element of doubt.

In the grip of the hand there is no doubt at all.

It is a grip I speak of, not a common handshake.

There are men who have never known what it is to enjoy a grip of the hand. Friends of a kind they have in plenty, and their handshakes have been many, but one of God's greatest blessings has been denied to them—that of the magical transference of thought and strength that is conveyed in a muscular—even brutal—grip of the hand.

It is impossible to describe the real thing to anyone who has not felt it. Those who have know its worth.

A genuine grip of the hand has a meaning a implies forgiveness for all your offences, and understanding that your tongue (be it ever so glib) never managed to express, and above all, there is in it an element of the Kingdom of Heaven, for in it there is absolute and disinterested love.

To a man there is something peculiarly gratifying in it, for it belongs to his sex above.

You take a man's hand—when you mean it—and you grip it till you feel the muscles of his fingers yield beneath the greater strength of his; your only sorrow is that you have not the strength to grip until you crack the bones of his fist.

Women are out of it here. You don't grip a woman's hand like that. She would never appreciate what you meant. But a man appreciates it.

Essentially a grip of the hand is mutual. If, in the way of business, you pretend a cordiality you do not feel, and grip a man's hand harder than you need do, your better instincts revolt, you know that you are prostituting your most sacred vehicle for masculine expression of feeling.

You are pretending to like him genuinely though you don't really do so, and you despise yourself for the pretence.

The real, honest grip of the hand is something too sacred to be used in business, even if your whole future depends upon it.

It is the masculine equivalent to a woman's kiss.

Men don't want to kiss each other; that sort of thing is good enough for foreigners, best not for us. Our way of expressing the fact that we are real pals is by the grip of the hand.

There could be no better way. It is British, undemonstrative, genuine. But we can put into it a world of feeling that the most effusive foreigner would never understand.

If the other man does not grip as you do there is infinite disappointment.

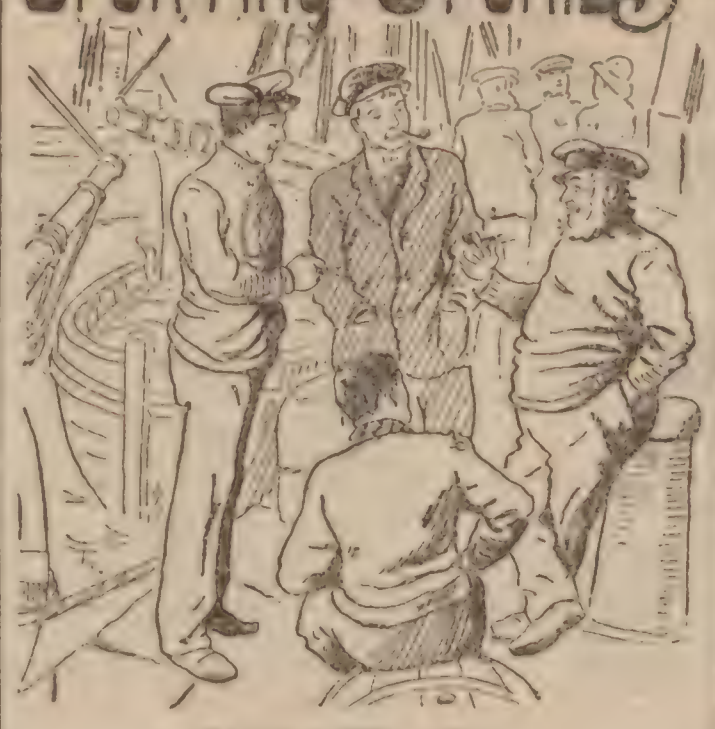
There can be no swank. You know and he knows by instinct, animal or divine—whether he is charming.

In the real grip of the hand there is your life and character meeting his, and both are bared. Without voicing it, you are saying "God bless you, my dear old chap!" and he is saying the same to you.

If you expressed it to him in words, he would not be likely to appreciate it. We are made that way; we can't gush to one another, but we can feel; and it is in the grip of the hand that there is revealed to both the loving sympathy and understanding that the tongue of neither could ever put into words.

F. HAMES BAIRD.

SPORTING STORIES



MISPLACED ZEAL.

In sheer justice it must be told that his subscription to the cricket club was almost as large as his enthusiasm for the game, though he had not played it probably for twenty years.

But how hot he became when praising the play of his own club as against their rivals for the day! He would splutter and explode with keenness, and on Saturdays, when in the one omnibus we boasted, he would scatter ejaculations around that usually frightened the horses and gave the driver double trouble.

"We must win—oh, yes—we shall outplay them, I know—certainly—not a doubt of it my boy—I saw the visitors play last week at Smoothfield and they can't show the form our fellows have——"

In the midst of his confident prophecies of victory, and while his breath was hurried and his face purple he turned to the conductor.

"Put me down at the 'Spotted Dog'" he shouted.

It was too much for the well-meaning ancient little woman in the corner, who knew nothing of cricket.

"Don't you think, sir," she hazarded, "that you have already had enough?"

THE REASON.

"Why," her father asked her, "does Mr. Jones stop so late? I know my house is a pleasant one, but surely a young man like him ought to have something better to do than waste his time when he might be devoting it to improving himself and his prospects in a business way. Why does he do it?"

The dainty little bit of fluff looked her dad straight in the eyes.

"I'm why," she said.

WHY HE DID IT.

"You see that horrid man," said Gertie: "every time I've passed him on the esplanade this morning, he's clicked his nasty camera at me. By this time he must have a dozen snapshots of me. I think he's very rude."

Without waiting to hear more the gallant George left her side.

"How the —— I mean how dare you, sir!" he shouted when came abreast of the camera fiend. "You have no manners, sir! You are not a gentleman! You are taking liberties! How dare you take this young lady's photo every time she passes?"

"I'm very sorry," said the man with the camera, "if I've given offence, but you see the lens I've just bought is a valuable one, and I couldn't afford to replace it. I closed the shutter whenever she passed because I was afraid that, with a face like that she'd crack the lens."

POPULAR DOGS.

SPANIELS AND RETRIEVERS AS COMPANIONS.

Spaniels are deservedly on the increase as companions. Their loyalty is undoubtedly one of their best characteristics. I like a clumber spaniel as well as any for a companion, for he is a dog of all-round usefulness and can be taught a lot more than is usually expected of him.

The cocker spaniel, too, is a good worker—especially the long and low variety—among undergrowth and hedges whence he will often turn out rabbits or running birds. Nothing is more enjoyable than a walk with a breezy and companionable spaniel which has an eye to a bit of sport. But keep the gamekeepers on your side or there may be trouble.

The retriever has become the most used, or useful, of all sporting dogs used to the gun. True, this has been brought about by the altered conditions of killing game. The flat-coated retriever, which is now very highly thought of, was but little known in the middle of last century.

The Labrador, which is proving so successful in modern field dog trials, is an importation from Newfoundland. Yet, at some time or other, the original dog has been crossed with the black pointer.

Be that as it may, the Labrador has gained a firm footing as a gun dog of parts, and, with the exception of being sometimes a little hard in the mouth, it well deserves the prominence that has been given to it.

As a working dog the Labrador has quite supplanted the curly-coated retriever, which is the oldest of that tribe.

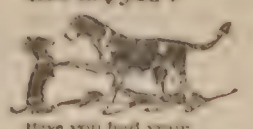
The ages at which the different breeds of dogs reach maturity are interesting. Bulldogs are at their best at three; bitches at two.

A good collie should be in his prime at three. Many promising puppies go right off at a year but come back again to shape at three. Bitches of this breed mature sooner than dogs.

The dachshund matures at two; so does the dalmatian; the great dane and the basset-hound at two and a half; the beagle and bloodhound at two; the borzoi and the deerhound about three; the greyhound at two; the mastiff and the Newfoundland half a year later.

JAMES MEDWAY.

MOLASSINE
DOG & PUPPY CAKES
Hound and Terrier Meal
are composed of the purest ingredients only. Owing to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which they are compounded they aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in good condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites, and prevent unpleasant odours.



Have you had your MOLASSINE DOG CAKE?

MOLASSINE POULTRY MEAL
makes hens lay eggs in abundance.

Sold by Grocers, Corn Merchants, and
THE MOLASSINE CO., Ltd.,
3, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.

KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE ATHLETE'S DIP.

With the arrival of real summer time, if not always of real summer weather, many men will be thinking of regular outdoor bathing. There are dangers that are easily avoided, but they are often courted by the enthusiastic athlete, quite thoughtlessly.

One of the commonest sources of chill and temporary exhaustion is the practice of beginning the summer bathing course very early in the morning. Few of us, when in normal, robust health, stop to think of the sudden and sharp change in one's ordinary routine the early morning dip means.

We leave a warm bed at an earlier and chillier hour than usual; we dress hurriedly; we go out without food; and in half an hour we are stripped in the open air. It is a strong system indeed that stands this test.

Much better and safer is it to take the first few dips of the season at an hour when the sun has been up some time and when you yourself have done some fair amount of exercise. It is wrong to enter the water feeling cold, just as it is foolish to do so when very hot and when perspiring freely.

A hot cup of coffee and a biscuit half an hour before the early morning dip is a wise precaution to take.

Just before diving, give the whole body a sharp rub over with the hands. This will counteract the very natural tendency the muscles have to contract on contact with the keen air. When once stripped get into the water without delay.

Leave the water before you feel its chilliness creeping over you. Three minutes is long enough for the first few dips. Bathing then becomes a fine tonic to the system.

CHEST AND ARM WORK.

The physical culture enthusiast should make the most of all those exercises—and they are very numerous—which do not call for elaborate, or indeed any, apparatus beyond a man's own limbs.

One of the simplest, and at the same time one of the most useful exercises is shown here. It is simply a matter of placing one hand upon the other, pressing down with the upper hand and upwards with the under hand.

Playing off one set of muscles against another.

The muscles which sustained pressure of this kind calls into activity are not only those of the hand. The wrist, forearm, upper arm, shoulders, and chest, are all concerned, and it is most interesting to give attention to each set of muscles as they take up their work.

It is surprising what an amount of control one can consciously exert over any particular muscle. This, of course, is one of the great aims of all physical culture.

Each hand in turn should be given the upper position in order that the different varieties of pressure and tension should have their full effect on all the muscles concerned.

A RACK FOR THE MUSCLES.

It has always been a strong point in these articles that the abdominal muscles are among those which must on no account be neglected if the physical frame is to be sound and ready for all athletic emergencies.

A large number of exercises have been given already and here is another which is invaluable.

Sit on the floor, hoisting the legs so that the feet rest against the wall or on a table. Then raise the hands to the feet, grasping the toes of the boots or shoes.

This process will at first be almost impossible without some inconvenience and even pain, and to accomplish it the beginner will find it necessary to bend the legs more than a little.

The object to be attained is the gradual straightening of the legs while still holding the feet. To do this means that most of the muscles of the legs, arms, and abdomen have to bear an unusual and very considerable strain to which they are by no means accustomed.

By gradually putting a greater strain on the limbs the legs will soon be straightened out, and the body will be in a state of extreme tension throughout its length.

By no means a comfortable position.

Right down the back of the legs, the sinews and muscles will strain and stretch, while the body muscles will grow tense and strong after continued perseverance with the exercise.

After a little practice try to assume this position without any support for the feet, when you will have the additional strain of balancing.

As a means of stretching the limbs gradually, this exercise, if constantly persevered in, has few equals.

CARE OF THE FEET.

To the walker or runner, and to some extent to the boxing man, the care of the feet is of great importance, for a corn or a blister may ruin his chances of success.

For walking, stockings are better than socks. They should never be worn new, but should be thoroughly washed first, so as to get the dye, if there is any, out of them.

Some men prefer thick stockings, others thin ones; it does not greatly matter so long as they fit well, for stockings that are either too loose or too tight will produce blisters as surely as ill-fitting boots. For country walking seamless stockings with a special stall for the big toe are excellent.

Boots or shoes should never be bought ready-made. No foot is absolutely normal, and to get a really good fit you must have your boots or shoes made to measure. Insist on oak-tanned leather, and see that you get it.

Very thick soles are a mistake even for country walking. The foot should be able to bend in the boot, and this it cannot do if you have clodhopper soles. The uppers should occasionally be rubbed with neatsfoot oil, while dubbin will prevent cracks.

The boot or shoe must not cramp you in any way, but at the same time it must not be so "easy" as to allow the foot to slide about inside it.

For the feet themselves, it is a good plan to smear them well with Russian tallow, but see that it is pure.

The best way to get rid of a blister is to draw through it a needle threaded with worsted. Squeeze the water out, but be careful not to tear away the loose skin. Then wash the foot in hot water, in which a few crystals of permanganate of potash have been dissolved; finally paint the blistered part over with a little collodion.

To harden the feet there is nothing like walking about barefoot on wet grass.

THE "ALL-IN-ONE" SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

A RECORD OFFER TO THOSE SEEKING STRENGTH AND HEALTH.

Note my educational and professional qualifications to assist you. **Note** that I turn weaklings into "strong men." **Note** that I present Special Medical Courses for the cure and cure of Rupture, Weak Lungs and Chronic Nervousness, **in addition** to the General System of Health and Strength—**all for the one fee.** **Note** the **trivial fee** I ask from you. **Note the remarkable value** I give in return for this.

"This System will keep the average man, woman, or child "fit as a fiddle" all the year round, and will turn a reasonably healthy young man into an athlete in a few weeks. It keeps the athlete in condition (in spite of smoking and other "bad training" ways), and is almost a complete athletic training in itself.

The following are my qualifications

I am a Professional Gymnastic Instructor.
I am a Professional Science Master.

I have acted in **both these capacities** for many years in several of the best schools in the country, and am **fully recognised by the Board of Education.**

During years of experience my knowledge of Physiology and Anatomy have combined with practical observation to gradually shape what I now candidly believe to be **the very finest System of Physical Health and Strength Culture available.**

The system is comprised in a **large, strong, leather-backed, metal-bound, illustrated, coloured, and beautiful chart,** which will last a lifetime, and which can be hung upon the bedroom or other wall for continual guidance and reference. Its diagrams are fascinating, and it is an ornament to any room. It is sent in a special case to prevent damage by post, and shows exactly what to do to develop any part of the body. You cannot fail to be delighted. Send P.O. which should be crossed—and Co.—to

ALBERT FORD CRAINE,

61 and 62, Chancery Lane, and 7 and 8, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.

METHODS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Georges Hackenschmidt, the world's most famous wrestler, and Arthur Saxon, the strongest man on earth, both say plainly that the best method of training, if huge strength and development is desired, is by gradual progressive movements with a special bar-bell, of gradually increasing weight. They further claim that the reason other strong men have put on the market patent developers, and asserted that such developers are the proper way to train for strength, is because there is more money in developers than in weights. It has been left to Mr. Thomas Inch, the well-known Physical Culture expert and ex-middle-weight weight-lifting champion of the world, to so perfect a method of home-training, called "Advanced Training," that there is absolutely no danger of strain, and no monotony. For perfect muscular development and [illegible] strength there is no method known which can possibly come up to Mr. Inch's special weight-lifting course. Mr. Inch has over 30,000 pupils, many of them world's record holders, and to such a point has he brought his system that every pupil is enrolled under guarantee. Any person desiring further information and to know Mr. Inch's terms is strongly urged to write at once to: Mr. Thomas Inch, Dept. M.M., The Broadway, [illegible] London, S.W., for his booklet, "A ROUTE TO STRENGTH," which will be sent gratis and post paid by return mail. This booklet is most interesting, and fully illustrated.

WISDOM ON THE COURSE

A FEW HINTS THAT WILL MAKE FOR YOUR WELL-BEING WHEN YOU GO A-RACING.

There is no branch of outdoor spectacular sport in which inexperience is so readily apparent as race-going; and as the racecourses all over the country are notoriously infested with sharp practitioners of all descriptions, it obviously behoves the man who has not previously done much racing to bear himself, when on the course, with the utmost circumspection.

There are so many little "dos" and "don'ts," which, if disregarded, will inevitably give him away to the clever brigade, that a few of the most salient of them may fitly be enumerated here.

A great tip is, however much you may thirst for information as to the meaning of the various "number boards," and so forth, refrain, above all things, from asking questions of any stranger. Affect the wide knowledge of long experience, and *try to find out for yourself*. If you don't observe this hint you will, more likely than not, come across some obliging person who will prime you with information — of doubtful authenticity — with anything but honourable intentions.

FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.

Again, as only the smallest percentage of men go racing without having a "flutter" of a shilling or half a crown on their "fancies," i.e. presumable that you, too, will want to have a little bit on." But if you do, have a look at your chosen bookie's slate and ascertain the price he is offering about your horse. Don't ask him what it is, for if he is inclined to be a "crook," he will quote you a much shorter one; and even if he isn't, he will probably not be able to resist a facetious rejoinder which will make you feel mildly disconcerted for a period.

And if, by a lucky chance, you see your fancy's number go up on the board as the winner, don't immediately rush up to the metallician and demand payment. If you do and he is a choleric person, like most of his kidney, a torrent of well-chosen invective will make your ears tingle. Winnings are never paid out until a white flag flutters up by the judge's box, and the cry of "All right!" rings out over the course.

GETTING YOUR MONEY.

Wait until this happens, and then ask the bookie for the exact sum you are entitled to—*i.e.*, the odds to your stake, *plus* the amount of the latter, which is, of course, returned to you.

Don't lend your race-glasses to any stranger however upright he may appear. There are often "fences" to be found on racecourses who will advance a penniless punter's fare home on a pair of race-glasses, "with no questions asked"; so that it has often happened that an unscrupulous speculator, whose expectations have "come unstuck" and left him "cleared out," has borrowed an obliging neighbour's binoculars, and then swiftly disappeared with them to "raise the wind."

KEEP YOUR POSITION.

If you go on the stand, it is best in more ways than one to stay there, and if you want to bet, to entrust your little commissions to a friend who prefers to remain in the ring. The principal reason of this is that the stands are always so crowded that if, after securing a coign of vantage, you leave it to have a bet, it will be hopeless to try to regain it. And, unless you are a singularly powerful and truculent-looking person, you will find the remarks of the packed spectators, as you force a passage through them, far from complimentary to you.

On the whole, you will enjoy greater freedom and have a much better time if you leave the stands severely alone.

RACE-CARD FRAUDS

It is best to buy race-cards, not at the station where you take your ticket, but on the course; and then only from vendors bearing either on their caps or on their arms, the genuine badge of the club under whose auspices the meeting is conducted.

If you don't, it is quite likely that a card of the previous day's racing will be palmed off on you and that the vendor will be at a safe distance before you have discovered the deception.

C. CAMDEN.

THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

The Prospectus of the Company appeared in No. 83 of "The Modern Man." A copy of it will be sent post free, if requested. Address all applications for Prospectuses and Shares to the Secretary, The Modern Man, Limited, 19, 21 & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE MODERN MAN, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,

I enclose herewith the sum of £....., being a deposit of 6d. per share on application for..... 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares of two shillings each in the above Company.

I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I further agree to pay the balance when due, and authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

Name in full .....

Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

Address .....

.....

Occupation .....

Usual signature .....

Date .....1910.

10,000 Oatine TOILET CASES to be Distributed FREE.

REMARKABLE OFFER BY LONDON TOILET HOUSE!

WRITE TO-DAY AND SECURE ONE.

A world-famous London firm has hit upon a magnificent scheme for popularising still further its already well-known Toilet Preparations.

These Toilet Preparations are used and greatly appreciated by men as well as by women, and both sexes of the British public are invited to accept the amazingly attractive opportunity now offered through the columns of this paper.

Nine Toilet Preparations are here offered to you for test amongst the members of your household. Some of them appeal especially to ladies, some especially to gentlemen, whilst the remainder are equally esteemed by both ladies and gentlemen. And you can have them all sent to you by return of post if you write for them to-day.

If you are a man, for instance, you will greatly appreciate the OATINE SHAVING STICK, and the tube of OATINE SHAVING CREAM included in each Free Case.

They are really the latest aids to comfort so far as shaving is concerned, softening the hair of the face, so that the operation of shaving is rendered far easier than it is in the ordinary way.

For obtaining a thick, creamy lather there is nothing better than OATINE SHAVING CREAM, whilst if you prefer a lighter, close-lying lather, then try the stick of OATINE SHAVING SOAP. In both cases a free, smooth and agreeable lather is given, which does not dry on the face.

Moreover, the OATINE CREAM (a sample box of which is included in each Presentation Case) is recognised as the finest toilet preparation ever invented for removing all roughness, redness, and irritation after shaving.

For Toilet purposes, the OATINE TOILET SOAP will be found pleasant to use—containing as it does the well-known complexion-benefiting qualities of the Oat—whilst it leaves the skin soft, pure, and velvety.

But there is no need to chronicle here the virtues and qualities of this nine-sample Toilet Case.

Each Case contains a most interesting and attractive little book, entitled:

"A BEAUTIFUL FACE— A MATTER OF CULTURE"

which contains full particulars of each of these nine Toilet Preparations, and shows how they can best be used, and why their advantages are so great. This book is sent

FREE

with Nine Peerless Toilet Preparations.

Write to-day, enclosing 3d. in stamps (½d. stamps preferred), just to cover cost of postage and packing, and this gift outfit of nine most delightful Toilet Necessities, as illustrated, will be sent to your address gratis and post free.

THE OATINE CO., 79A, Oatine Buildings, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

£380,850

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

WE LEAD: Other Firms Follow as Best They Can.

We Make Profits for clients and we Pay Profits Promptly.

From the first we have set the business standard of absolute reliability in every respect. That standard we maintain always. Hence the public confidence in dealing with us. It is of primary importance to a prospective client to know whether he can make profits and whether he will get them promptly. We are alone, however, in publishing weekly the amount paid away to clients. Our clients make profits. We cannot make profits for you unless you become a client.

Our Great Special Offer

Solely for New Clients.

We can do what no other firm of Stock and Share Dealers can do. What we have done for clients is an indication of what we can do for you. This Special Offer is made solely to new clients. We wish to prove ourselves to those who have no experience of our successful business methods. Remember, behind this special offer is

THE FINANCIAL REPUTATION OF THE N.S.E.

The total topping this page consists of cheques for varying amounts, including sums of £100, £200, and £300. We do not ask you for anything. At the moment, you are requested to fill in and post coupon if you want the special offer to be made to you. Later you choose for yourself whether you accept our offer.

The Only Way to get our Special Offer is to Fill in and Post Coupon.

Our Special Offer is an interesting one. But we wish to be sure that you are already interested in our business. That is why we insist that you fill in and post Coupon in order to get it. It is made by the firm which has paid away considerably over One Quarter of a Million.

APPLICATION FOR OUR GREAT SPECIAL OFFER.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your Great Special Offer, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £380,850, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques that I may select.

M.M.
S.O.
378.

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
.....
(Please write distinctly.)
DATE .....

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

UPS AND DOWNS.

There is a rule which every man in business should learn and studiously act upon. It runs after this style: Do not jump to the conclusion that the office-boy will remain an office-boy; that the junior clerk will be a junior clerk always; and that the employee will never be an employer.

It is a cardinal fault among many business people to snub those who are at the moment in junior positions; or, if not to snub them, then to treat them with scant courtesy.

It is a great mistake from every point of view. From that of one's own personal gain and advantage it is often criminal folly, for there is no knowing how soon or how deeply your own advantage may be bound up with, and dependent upon, the goodwill of the chap you may now be snubbing or ignoring. Yet the chances are that the man who has won his way to success will have sufficient strength of character to forget such incidents of the past.

Actual instances are worth columns of argument. Here is one from my own experience.

Some twelve years ago a youngster, green and awkward, came into a large office as a junior. Many of the men laughed at him, unkindly. The man who was told off to instruct the junior in his duties did not laugh—but not openly. He kept his feelings to himself.

The junior left that firm. So did the man who showed him up. The two met when the latter was out of work, and the junior promptly and then offered his old friend a post at a very fair salary. That is a true story.

The junior has prospered. In this up-and-down world of work no man can say what position he will be a few years hence, nor can he say how glad he may be of the good-will of the youngster who may not now have the courage to say "Good morning" before he is spoken to.

Another instance from my own knowledge. A rich and wealthy father placed his son in a large motor workshop to learn the business. The workmen were not over civil to the youngster, for he was obviously (though he did not boast of it) of a superior class and of better education.

The youth set up in business for himself, and he is now employing several of the men who were by no means civil to him when they worked side by side with them.

The case is interesting as showing the triumph of self-control and far-seeing business instinct. The young fellow might very well have refused to employ those who had been so stupid. Moreover, he saw that they were good workmen. But he saw that they were good workmen. He pocketed any feelings of resentment he may have had, and he took care to avoid any breach of nominally good relations with them. And in his own time he has made good use of them.

They did not know while he worked with them that one day he would be a rich man and their employer. But his unbroken courtesy won, and now his men think all the more of him.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

THE BUDGET STAMP DUTIES.

The stamp duties of the Budget now in force practically give recognition to the outside broker, who now contributes to the revenue of the country, as does the "House" broker.

It is only fair that one should pay if the other does, for, though so many people make a fetish of the Stock Exchange, and are correspondingly prejudiced against outside brokers, the fact remains that the Stock Exchange has no legal constitution. Its position has been attained through custom. Members themselves openly flout the rules passed by and for themselves.

Unless you mean to take up stock, it pays you to go to an outside broker—providing, of course, that he is reliable. As a mare is a horse, but a horse is not necessarily a mare, so a bucket-shop keeper is an outside broker, but an outside broker is not necessarily a bucket-shop keeper.

You cannot make a Stock Exchange broker bankrupt if he defaults over a stock and share transaction, because you buy solely "according to the rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange"—which fact is illuminating.

The real difference between the reliable outside broker and the inside broker for a client who is dealing with differences only, is that between a sixpenny-piece and sixpence-worth of coppers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STOCK and SHARE DEALERS.—"GEO." (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—I believe the people you name are stock and share dealers, not brokers. I would advise you to write to the Secretary of the Stock Exchange for a list of members, which will cost you a shilling. If they do not appear in this list, you may take it for granted that they are outside brokers and a new firm. In this case, while knowing nothing against them, I should not take the responsibility of recommending them.

PREMIUM BONDS.—W. V. B. (Kidsgrove).—Premium Bonds in this country are illegal. Still, personally speaking, my opinion is only that of many other people in this country, namely, that it is an anomaly that they should be illegal; however, the fact remains. In purchasing Premium Bonds, there are many people to whom you will have to pay much more than their value, but a respectable firm will sell them to you at a price very little more than you will be able to obtain for them should you wish to sell again. Of course, the answer to your question, why are they not more generally recommended, is that they are illegal; that is the reason. I give you the name of a firm who will put any business through for you properly in this direction: Messrs. N. Keiser, of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

INTEREST.—"INVESTOR."—The risk is as a rule in proportion to the interest paid; in other words, with the ordinary recognised bank rate of interest, you are safe. The higher the interest paid the greater the risk. The bank you name—which is not a bank in the ordinary sense of the word—offers you a high rate of interest, because they themselves are taking risks in lending money. I do not care to express any such opinion in cold print as your bank manager, but you may take it that his advice is sound.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

FROM MANUFACTURER TO CONSUMER.

THE DUTCH CIGAR CO. have established a distributing depot for Great Britain at 52, Arcade, 85, Lord Street, LIVERPOOL. Why pay intermediate profits when by buying 50 or 100 Dutch Cigars you are your own importer? Burgomeisters 9/- 50, 17/6 100; Elegantes 10/- 50, 19/6 100. Samples of either 5 for 1/- All post free. Postal Orders only. Orders executed in rotation.

BUY FROM O'Brien

I offer you longer credit and far easier payment terms than anyone else. Brand new latest model SWIFT, REMINGTON, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, TRIUMPH, ROVER, PREMIER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR, QUADRANT, SINGER, RUMBER and the [illegible]

AT 5/- MONTHLY.

Immediate delivery. Sent on approval. 12 years' guarantee. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for free Lists TO-DAY.

EDWARD O'BRIEN, LTD., World's Largest Cycle Dealer (Dept. 102), COVENTRY.

5/- PER MONTH.

£3-10-0 Cash.

The name on the dial is important. Every genuine non-magnetic

LEECLA WATCH

has the name Leecla on the dial.

Guaranteed for five years. In nickelled or oxidised cases. 3/6 each, postage 1½d. extra.

LEECLA WATCH Co., Watch Factory, Ashton-under-Lyne.

120 WORDS A MINUTE IN 6 WEEKS

guaranteed under Hubert Stewart's Simplified Method of teaching (Pitman's) SHORTHAND. Postal Lessons. Prospectus Free.

"SHORTHAND (Pitman's) for RAPID LEARNING"

By HUBERT STEWART. Just Published, 3s. net.

"THE ADVENTURES OF PROSPECTORS" (in Shorthand), 3d. Obtainable at

THE STEWART SHORTHAND-TYPING ACADEMY, 104, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache speedily grows at any age by using "Mousta," the only True Moustache Forcer. Success Positively Guaranteed. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage.

T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, London, N. (Send 7d.)

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

MAKING A CRICKET PITCH

HINTS FOR THE VILLAGE CLUB WITH SLENDER RESOURCES.

It is, unfortunately, only a minority of clubs that can afford the luxury of a well-laid cricket ground.

There are in every corner of England little village clubs struggling to uphold the good old national game in face of the most disheartening obstacles.

In a great many cases the cricket field consists of the roughest ground where the grass has never known proper care and where all the year round cows, sheep or horses and even pigs roam as they will, playing havoc with the particular strip of ground reserved for the pitch.

Many of these grounds are innocent of mowing-machines, and have to be cropped as well or as ill as may be with a farmer's scythe. Nor is a roller of any weight, a commodity often to be found, wherewith to keep the surface something like level.

CHOOSING THE PITCH.

From one who has had something to do with more than one club of this sort, where neither mower nor roller was available, the following hints as to how we kept our pitch in fair condition may be useful.

Such a pitch as I have in mind is one where the ground is in its primitive rough condition, with uneven and tufty grass, and with little humps and hollows everywhere.

The first thing to be done is to select the piece whose general level, for the length of a cricket pitch, or a little longer, say thirty yards, is the same. A little dip midway between the wickets is not a fatal drawback, as few balls pitch so far from the wickets.

Having chosen the ground, it is as well to measure off a pitch of the usual length, with a couple of stumps. Then one can get to work with a view to making the pitch.

A DEATH TRAP.

In its rough state it would be death or injury to play upon it. The balls would jump and shoot in all directions, and a maimed team would be the result.

To modify the humps and to raise the hollows it is an excellent plan to go carefully over the pitch with an ordinary gardening fork or prong.

Drive the prong deep into the earth and then gently raise the earth without breaking the surface turf more than is necessary.

Go over the entire pitch like this, raising both humps and hollows; and making the pitch soft and loose.

Following this, the loosened surface should be well watered until the ground is soaked. Let the water have a day and a night to be well soaked in and the surface to dry.

Next, go carefully over the entire pitch gently beating down the lumps with a spade, until the level is uniform.

A surprising improvement will be effected in the roughest ground if this process is thoroughly carried out.

The next problem is the roller. The club probably does not possess one, even of the small garden sort. If a farmer's field-roller cannot be borrowed, the only thing is to get an ordinary garden roller—the heavier the better—and to make up by frequency of rolling for what it lacks in weight.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

In this way the pitch can be brought to a very fair condition on which it is quite possible to play cricket without more than ordinary risks.

When reduced to something approaching general level, a mowing machine can be used with good effect on such ground. Previously it could not be used with success, as the ground was too lumpy.

Care should be taken to shift the wickets for each match, otherwise the ground will soon wear hard and bare, and in warm weather be very dusty.

If the pitch is in a field that is used for grazing purposes, it will, of course, be necessary to fence round the pitch itself by posts and wires, or, better still, by hurdles which are easily removed and cause little damage to the ground. A single horse can undo in one night the labour of weeks.

E. D. N.

Absolutely the Latest Thing in Suits.

It is admitted by all dressy men that a white slip, showing for just the correct space above the waistcoat, adds greatly to the general smartness of the appearance.

These slips should be worn only with blue or black suits, as most men know.

There are several kinds of slips, but the only one that does not move about and get out of place is the kind that is buttoned to the inside of the waistcoat. The trouble hitherto has been that the slips supplied by the haberdasher never have the buttonholes in the right place to fit the buttons put inside the vest by the tailor.

Realising this, and realising the smartness that a slip imparts to a suit, we have decided absolutely to give away white slips with our latest Navy Blue Suit.

Every suit will be fitted with buttons to take the slip, and the buttonholes will be exactly in the right place.

The suit is cut and made in our usual perfect style, and the novelty of giving away these slips should appeal irresistibly to every reader.

It is worth mentioning that King George always wears a white slip. You have never seen a photo of him without one.

The suit is made of a special serge, indigo dye, which is not affected by sun or sea air.

A blue suit always looks gentlemanly, and every man should have one.

We absolutely guarantee that the suit will fit you.

If you have any fault to find with it, return it to us, and we shall immediately return your money in full, without argument or discussion.

Patterns and self-measurement form will be sent with pleasure to any address.

The Price is only

50s.

And remember that you are getting the latest London cut and finish, something that no provincial tailor can possibly attain, whatever price he charges.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

J. & H. ELLIS,

THE FIRM WHO FITTED THE KING.

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

(Close to Ludgate Circus),

To which address application for free patterns should also be made.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SELBY · STIFFENS · HIS · NECK

By ADAM STEIN.

Jim Graill went up the stairs two at a time, and entered the private sitting-room of "The Hare and Hounds." Richard, at work in his shirt sleeves at the table, looked up.

"Hullo, Jim," he said, rising.

The two friends grasped hands.

"You're looking well, Dick."

"You, too. Prosperous farmer's son to the life. What's brought you over here?"

"Just on the off chance of seeing you and hearing how things were going."

"And well at home?"

"First-rate, thanks. They're wondering when you're coming to see us."

"Soon as I can."

"It's been several weeks——"

"You're growling, Jim."

"I meant to. You've not even written."

"Lord! Was I ever able to handle the superfluous pen? How's farm-life suit you?"

Jim dropped into the nearest chair and thrust out his leggings legs.

"I like it well enough," he said, inspecting them.

"Good!" Richard sat down abruptly.

For a moment there was silence. Then Jim raised his eyes and saw that Richard was smiling.

"Jim, there's something on your mind," said Richard.

"There is. I've been talking to Mark."

"Ah!"

"He told me about this Bradlaw affair. It looks as though you've got on the hustle again."

"Not too fast. I only netted five hundred pounds."

"Dick!" Jim's voice was pleading.

Richard slowly shook his head.

"No, old chap. Not yet. There's absolutely nothing you could do."

Jim looked disappointed.

"Farming's all right," he said, "but sharing business with you rather spoilt my taste for it. I've been finding it out these past weeks. . . . I haven't said anything about it—to the old man, for instance."

Richard nodded approval.

"But I'd rather——" He paused. "The fact is, Dick," he added with a burst, "I want to come in with you. Come rough, come smooth, you know. Damn it, I had the smooth, and——"

"I knew it," said Richard, still smiling. "And now you know why I've kept clear of you for a bit. When things went altogether bust—we thought we'd scrape along on the remnant, didn't we? but there wasn't enough—you did the obvious and sensible thing."

"On your advice. Or, to be more precise, on your order. I shouldn't have done it otherwise; I felt you to fight single-handed."

"You joined the old chap," continued Richard. "He could find plenty to occupy you. As for your mother—well, I don't think she ever forgave me for appropriating you."

"Why, the old lady does nothing but talk about you and weep over your misfortune, and——"

"Bless her! but we'll take all that for granted. No, Jim; you must stick it for a bit. Never-fear; I shall want you again. I don't know when. But no other man will do——"

"Thanks," said Jim, quickly. "So you only kept away so as not to unsettle me? That was like you. . . . I don't care now. But I wish you weren't so infernally independent—and so infernally close.

"This land Mark's been telling me about. You got it, for all Bradlaw and the rest tried to prevent you having your own pitch again in Moulden—and then sold it. I don't quite understand your motive. I should have thought it was just the thing you wanted."

"It wasn't," said Richard. "Money's what I want. But because I was making a few inquiries about property, our competitive friends immediately concluded that was my prime need and—well, it cost them five hundred pounds."

"You profited by their opposition, eh!"

Richard took up his pipe from the table and lit it, watching his friend with absorbed eyes.

"I'm out," he said, "to profit by the opposition of the devil himself, if I can find a way."

Jim Graill closed his fingers over his cap.

"This trouble's hardened you, Dick," he said.

"Perhaps," said Richard. And for a moment his face darkened.

"It's certainly rotten to have everybody wanting to kick you now you're down."

"It isn't that," said Richard, with a short contemptuous laugh. "Only I look at the place that used to be mine—the meat-market it is now—and I remember I was something approaching a big man"—his jaw set—"and I want to get back, see? I want to get back *quick*."

There was something rather terrible in the restrained emotion of the man. Jim realised, more vividly than he had done before, how failure added fuel to the fire of a strong man's determination. But he did not realise that it might be also a well-nigh unendurable blow to pride.

Richard, however, had no illusions.

"Sheer conceit," he said, dismissing the subject, and looking at his watch. "Eight o'clock. It will be a ripping ride back to Darley to-night, Jim."

"I'm not going back yet, so you needn't hint. What ye got there?" He pointed at the table, on which was a large sheet of white cardboard.

"Plans."

"Plans? What of?"

"My new works—when I get 'em."

Jim exclaimed, and, jumping to his feet, went over to look.

"Premature, isn't it?" he queried.

"Not at all. I'm hoping to make a start to-morrow with the first shop. It will be here, in the centre, abutting on the street. Nothing very imposing for a commencement, but it'll do for the gate-keeper's office later on. I'm my own architect, you see. More internal independence. Only I happen to know what I want better than anybody else can tell me."

"But—but——"

"But what?"

"Where's the site?"

"The land I sold Bradlaw. When he found out it was really me and not old Billing he'd bought it off, he was so sick about it he told Nephew, the auctioneer, to put it up again, and I got it for a hundred and fifty. It was useless to him, as he well knew. Besides, I called and offered to let him have a lot more at the same price, and he immediately thought I'd got half Moulden up my sleeve. Astonishing how indiscreet suspicion makes a man!"

"An uneducated chainmaker thinking to get the best of you!" exclaimed Jim scornfully.

Richard did not rise to the flattery.

"I'm one myself," he returned quietly. "Bradlaw would be a fool if he didn't try. I respect him. He's intelligent. His handicap is that he has a temper."

"You see right into the heart of men, Dick," said Jim, subdued.

"The Black Country's the heart of England," said Richard. "And I'm a Black Countryman."

He stood up.

"Now you gentleman of leisure," he said, "get out of my private office, or——"

Jim laughed.

"I'm going," he said. "But to-morrow—— It is to-morrow you're beginning, isn't it? Because I'm coming over to see the first foundations dug. You needn't raise any objection; I'm determined."

"I'll be glad to see you," said Richard. "The bricks are being delivered early morning, and according to contract the builders set to work right away. Get here about mid-day."

Before Jim's feet had reached the bottom of the stairs he was back in his seat at the table, enrapt.

II.

Jim's arrival was delayed the following morning by his horse casting a shoe on the way, so that it was after one o'clock when he reached Moulden.

Imagining that Richard would be lunching at "The Hare and Hounds" at that hour he proceeded direct there, but was informed by Mark that Richard had gone out before anyone was up—and the household rose at six—and had not returned. Clearly Richard was "on the hustle."

He went along to Market Street, where Richard's site of ground was, hoping to find him; but all that was to be seen was a great heap of terra-cotta bricks. No workmen were there, nor was Richard. Jim returned to "The Hare and Hounds," and had his lunch. Mark Gem's "ordinary" is patronised by a large *clientèle*, but by now most of the customers had gone. However, the conversation of a couple of men at the far-end of the table gave him a tinge of disquietude.

"What's that about the building trade?" he inquired. "Did I hear you say——"

"The Builder's Union have declared a strike," responded one of the men. "There's been friction for some time. It's been a busy spring and trade's so brisk the Union think they can afford to dictate terms. But they'll find they can't," he added emphatically. "The masters can combine as well as the men, and as it's only a local Union, we sha'n't have much difficulty in replacing with workers from a distance."

Richard came in unexpectedly.

"Ah, Mr. White," he said, addressing the last speaker, "I've been looking for you."

"And I've been over to Birmingham. I called in here to see if I could see you."

"Did you pick up any men there?"

"Nothing settled. But we expect to arrange it."

"When?"

"I can't say. It will take time. The fine weather has made them busy the same as in this district."

"What about my work?"

"Can't make any promise. There's bigger jobs on hand."

"You mayn't have the men for big jobs, but there shouldn't be much difficulty in finding the half-dozen required for mine."

"Very sorry, Mr. Selby; but everybody might use that reasoning."

HIGH-GRADE POSITIONS.

We have always a large number of High-Grade Positions open in Clerical, Technical, Organising, and Travelling capacities—positions carrying salaries of from £150-£1,000—and we want to hear from really High-Grade Men who are capable of filling them. If you are a man possessed of Special Ability, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 162-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Bartsu Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

"Yes, if you wait for it. But I've used it first; so it takes precedence."

Mr. White had a feeling that he was being persuaded by a stronger will. It wouldn't do—especially coming from a man who had recently "come a cropper."

"I can't promise," he reiterated, doggedly. "The contract's got the usual clause providing against strikes."

"Very well. Cancel the contract."

Richard turned to Jim.

"How long have you been here?" he asked, without change of his quiet tone. "I was waiting at twelve o'clock."

Jim explained.

"We'll go along to Market Street if you've finished your lunch."

Richard led the way to the door, nodding a farewell to Mr. White in passing.

"I say, Dick," said Graill, adjusting his pace to Richard's long stride, "this is bad luck."

"I've been everywhere this morning since I heard the news," said Richard gazing straight ahead.

"Trying to get somebody else to do it?"

"Yes. I knew White's would be off—that is, for starting at once."

"Did you have any success?"

"There isn't a bricklayer in Moulden outside the Union."

"It's rotten. Looks as though fate is against you."

"Damn fate," said Richard. "I only believe in her when she's for me."

Jim was silent for a space.

"You'll hate the delay," he ventured, "though, of course, it won't be serious. The men are sure not to be out long."

"It will be a week at least," said Richard, "In all likelihood much longer. And I've arranged to start to-day."

"Rotten luck!" murmured Jim.

"The arrangement stands."

"How?" inquired Jim, mystified.

"I must do it myself, that's all."

Jim turned quickly to him. The statement had been made so casually that he hardly grasped its purport.

"You mean—that?"

"Bit of a come down," answered Richard, who sounded amused. "Factory-owner to bricklayer. But there's charm in variety."

They turned into Market Street. A couple of men were unloading some wood from a handcart in front of Richard's ground.

"That stuff yours?" asked Jim.

"Yes; they're going to put up some boarding twenty feet high. I've already let the space to Skelton's, the bill-posters."

"Good idea. But I almost wish you hadn't. Gad! If you're going to turn builder yourself, I should have liked all Moulden to have the chance of seeing you at it."

"Idea did occur to me," admitted Richard, "but I've no desire to be the latest thing in out-door amusements."

"You'll have to leave a cart entrance anyhow," reflected Jim with satisfaction.

Richard left him to speak a word to the men, and came back drawing a measuring-tape and some twine and stakes from his pockets.

"You can help me mark it out if you like," he said. "Catch hold of this end."

"I want to help you altogether," said Jim, who had made a sudden resolution.

"At this work?"

"Yes."

"No, Jim."

"The old man did without me before; he can do without me now."

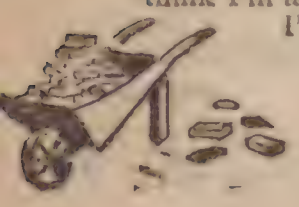
"You're no bricklayer," said Richard.

"Nor are you."

"I'm everything."

Jim saw, however, appreciation in his friend's eyes.

"If you can do it I can," he said, stoutly. "You think I'm above it. Well, I'll damn soon show you I'm not."



He took off his coat, threw it on to the heap of bricks, and rolled up his sleeves.

Richard laughed.

"I engage you at thirty bob a week," he said.

"I don't want it."

"Those terms or nothing."

"All right. Have your own way. Now what's to do first?"

"Visit the ironmonger's. Get a couple of good cutting spades—hire some barrows——"

Richard continued the enumeration rapidly. Within the hour the foundations were begun.

A few passers-by, curiously inclined, paused to watch them. Before nightfall there were many.

"Blowed if 'e ain't goin' ter do it 'isself," arose on all sides.

"Richard Selby, a-buildin' of 'is own works with 'is naked 'ands!"

And only the fools laughed.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

Pinched Penman
or
Prosperous Manager
—which are you?

Pen and Patience to-day mean a bare pittance all your life.

If you are satisfied we will say no more. But if you are *dis*satisfied—if you *want* the comfort, pay and security of the competent manager—just let us show you how we are securing this for others in your vocation—whatever it is—by our practical, understandable correspondence higher training.

To send this coupon costs you nothing, commits you to nothing. But it will bring you the proof of both employers and I.C.S. students that neither distance—nor long working days—nor limited means can prevent your taking the manager's seat if you *want* it.

The International Correspondence Schools not only train you for continually better positions in your own or some other more congenial occupation, but actually assist you to secure these positions by means of the I.C.S. Students' Aid Department.

SALARY-RAISING COUPON

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.
Dept. 327/X International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....)

Electrical Engineering	Machine Shop Practice
Mechanical Engineering	Architecture
Mining Engineering	Analytical Chemistry
Civil Engineering	Book-Keeping & Business Training
Steam Engineering	Textiles
Gas Engineering	Modern Languages
Heating	Civil Service

Name.....

Address.....

A MIXED BAG.

SOME QUAINT FIGURES AMONG OUR VILLAGERS.

It lies not so many miles from the Marble Arch, and yet it is almost as sleepy as it was in the Middle Ages.

Here driving his smart little chestnut cob is the sanitary inspector, who is also a veterinary surgeon, and in connection with the latter office funny stories are rife.

As he is always called in in infectious cases it is popularly believed in our village that the sick person is doomed because, the doctor having failed, "they had to call in the vet."

That portly little man is our doctor. Nature intended him for the city, for he is out of place in the country.

He is afraid, terribly afraid, of dogs. Indeed there is a tale told of him in the village that one day crossing a field where cows were pastured, he was so frightened by one mild milch dame that he turned back and ruined his immaculate boots and trousers with mud in traversing a dirty lane to avoid her.

Yonder is the postmaster—a curious old fellow who might be mistaken for either a miser or a lunatic. We know that he is neither.

Between Joe Tobin, the cobbler, and Tom Kidd, the carpenter, there is a long-standing feud. Tom is a loyalist and deeply patriotic and spends his spare time training the village lads for future Territorials. Joe spends his leisure in jeering at what he calls "their antics."

Joe is a leveller, posing as a village Hampden, and holding forth in the ale-house on the glories of a republic. But on occasions of public rejoicings he is ever in the midst of the loyal villagers, helping to put up decorations and even going so far as to hang out a flag from his bedroom window.

Our most interesting character is an old Vagabond, who lives up on the Common, and who knows all about woodcraft and the ways of wild things.

He is an inveterate poacher, as may be expected, but, in spite of the efforts of every gamekeeper in the district, he has never been caught.

As an amateur taxidermist he is held in high repute, and as a maker of flies he has not his equal.

But the chief glory of our Vagabond is his dog, which is a veritable canine Admirable Crichton. He can do everything but speak; which is, perhaps, as well for his master.

But our Vagabond is getting old, and soon he will have to forego the delights of a shiny night."

One of these days the biggest Poacher of all will lay a snare for him and all the Vagabond will ask will be a grave somewhere in the woodlands where his lurcher can be laid beside him.

That old farmhouse up on the hill is Farmer Giles's homestead. Farmer Giles has seen better days, and he was a fine figure of a man before rheumatism took a mean advantage of him.

There is plenty of work in him yet, though he is as deaf as the Biblical adder. He makes ends meet by selling milk.

The stars and the bats are coming out, but it is still light enough out of doors for the villagers to sit at their doors. Most of the gossips are congregated round the village pump, their tongues like the water—they flow. The men are mostly in the sanded parlour of the "Pig and Whistle."

Out on the green, Tom is drilling his recruits. Joe Tobin is watching with jaundiced eyes.

And up yonder on the Common the Vagabond is getting ready for another night's poaching.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. B. (Beverley).—Write to the Japanese Ambassador.

A. D. (Surbiton).—In second-hand bookshops you will find piles of back numbers of art periodicals. In these there are often very beautiful plates which can be bought cheaply. Framed with taste, they make admirable pictures.

W. R. H. (Brighton).—It is not mere inquisitiveness. The girl wants to know who rings up in order to inform her employer.

J. L. (Herne Hill).—Probably the leak is at the valve. Blow up the tube and put the valve portion under water. If the valve is sound it is likely that you have got hold of a perished tube, by ill-luck or by the knavery of the shopman.

C. R. H. (Dover).—There are almost as many "proper ways" of making coffee as there are religious sects. Get a good *chef* to tell you his method and then you can brew a good cup for your pals when they drop in.

W. P. (Islington).—Army men are recommended to carry cold tea into which lemon juice has been squeezed. It is a splendid thirst quencher.

F. Q. (Dorking).—We shall be delighted to forward your letter. Hope a real comradeship will result. You both like THE MODERN MAN, and will, therefore, probably like each other.

J. M. L. (Eastbourne).—"Second-hand" does not necessarily denote second quality. On the contrary it often shows that the article has proved its worth and can be relied upon. The desk is probably "as good as new."

Q. W. E. (Norwich).—Change of polishing paste or cream does not seem to affect brown boots or other leather fittings adversely.

H. E. M. (Brentwood).—Hammocks are like certain people: You never quite know how they will take your efforts to make their acquaintance. They also let you down sometimes. They look best when gracefully occupied by someone who is—not your sister.

J. L. (Edinburgh).—Thanks for suggestions. They will be carefully worked out in the near future.

W. R. (Torquay).—Pigskin wallets are practically everlasting. If you keep many papers in your pocket, a case is necessary, but you will wear out many of the thin leather kind in the course of a year.

M. M. E. (Dulwich).—A splendid catch! Wish we could have seen you land it. Thanks for good wishes.

R. R. (Dulwich).—If you really want a beard, let it grow during your holidays. The shaggy stage will not then cause such shock to the systems of your friends. Hope you and they will survive.

M. W. (Crawley).—The convention that women should not smoke is surely dead or dying. If your lady friend likes a cigarette why not let her have one? She'll probably have it, even if you frown on the practice.

H. H. T. (Widnes).—How to join the Territorials was fully explained in No. 79 of THE MODERN MAN.

W. H. (Woking). — Send all your gardening implements to the local blacksmith. He will overhaul, mend, and strengthen them for next to nothing. A carpenter would fix a box on the lawn-mower.

F. Q. (Croydon).—Do not worry about the terms of the sport. In playing you will get to know them gradually and naturally. Learning the names by heart will not make a good player.

F. E. B. (Neasden).—The sense of being "out of it" will wear off soon and you'll fall into line with your new colleagues. See if any are League members or MODERN MAN readers.

E. A. (Chelsea).—Forward your friend's letters at once; they may be important to him.

W. A. G. (Streatham).—If you want to acquire a distaste for the open country life, study natural history in books. The book facts are warranted to kill your interest.

A. H. (Walthamstow).—When you open an account, take your "pass" and other books away with you on leaving the bank. They are the only proof that your money is in the bank. Do not have them sent on by post.

E. B. H. (Margate.)—On modern cricket fields it is almost impossible to do good work in the field without spikes.

W. L. P. (Sheffield.)—It can do you no harm to "rink" as long as you can stand the heat. It is an admirable way of keeping fit.

J. E. (Oxford.)—Not often your way, but when next in those parts we shall most certainly look you up. Many thanks for your kind wishes and help.

H. J. B. (Rochester.)—It is not a bad plan to buy a stout ash stick, or other sort, at every holiday centre you visit. You need spend very little on each stick—say 2s. at most—and you get a fine collection crusted with memories.

A. W. G. (Esher).—All tipping at the town club you are joining is done at Christmas, and then by subscription list and not individually.

C. O. L. (Hammersmith).—Single-stick is hardly a subject for a whole series of articles, but we are shortly having a number of articles by experts on many sports and athletics.

AMBITIOUS (London, E.C.)—You can hardly do without some bookwork, but if possible find a Frenchman with whom you can practise speaking. Do not be afraid of making mistakes. Perhaps your barber's assistant is a Frenchman.

P. H. G. (New Cross).—Even in June it is often bitterly cold about three o'clock in the morning. Take a sweater on the bicycle and get it out soon after midnight.

B. C. N. (York).—If you take the little bungalow for the summer you may possibly regret it, as it will tend to make you spend all your leisure in one place, where you have no special ties, and where there are no more than average attractions.

R. D. (Maidstone).—The moral is: Don't use your fishing-rod as a walking-stick.

H. E. A. (Winchester).—It would be a delicate attention to send to your friend a basket of trout, especially after the trouble he has taken to see that you can fish in comfort and without payment of the usual licence.

F. J. L. (Manningham).—You must have a licence to carry and use *any* firearm. Revolvers are firearms.

F. O. (Chatham).—Decidedly it was an act of sportsmanship on your part to dismount and ask whether you could do anything for the other fellow. You must go on and make a League member of him as you are both of the right sort.

MODERN TAILORING

calls for expert treatment.

There **must** be style and shape in every garment.

BARNARD Bros.

will give you the attention that is so essential, whether ——you call or send your order through the post.——

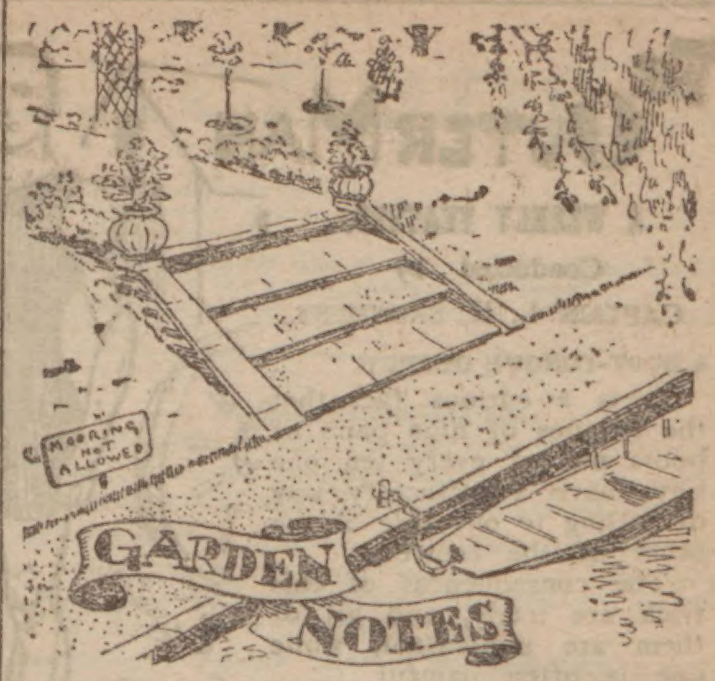
Speciality: Cashmere Suit, TWO GUINEAS.

Perfect in fit and style.

For sporting wear there is no coat like the "LINK-ON." Price 32/6 in real Harris, &c.

Simple self-measurement form, ensuring perfect accuracy, sent with patterns post free.

BARNARD BROS.,
80, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
SOUTH LONDON ADDRESSES:
54, HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.
11, ELECTRIC AVENUE, BRIXTON, S.W.



In many neighbourhoods it is extremely difficult to obtain gravel for garden paths at anything like a reasonable price.

A substitute that is often more easily obtainable is broken-up red brick rubbish. When reduced almost to dust, so that no piece is larger than a nut, this material makes a very good path, and if it is sufficiently thickly laid on it absorbs moisture far more readily than gravel.

The red colour of the path is by no means unpleasing if the surroundings are in keeping with it, and I have seen it used to great effect in riverside gardens.

* * * * * * *

A few words on the method of dealing with snails and slugs may be of use to some of my readers whose seedlings suffer from their attentions.

It is generally admitted that soot and lime are the most efficacious means of getting rid of them, but it is not everybody who knows how to apply them.

A friend of mine, whose garden is much infested by these pests, was recently determined to protect his young sweet peas from them, and surrounded the young shoots with a ring of mixed soot and lime laid on with a generous hand.

A night or two later he went out with a lamp and was surprised to find snails and slugs crawling merrily over the protecting barrier and apparently not being inconvenienced at all.

The correct thing to do, however, is to sprinkle the seedlings lightly with the mixture—an old tin with holes pierced in the lid is useful for this purpose—and to do this nightly. It is useless to lay down a large amount of the stuff, for it becomes harmless after a little exposure and gets washed into the earth.

But the soot and lime unslaked will prove deadly to these destructive visitors and frequent applications will soon enable you to get rid of them.

* * * * * * *

Not sufficient use is made in most gardens nowadays of rose pillars. Often a trellis for climbing roses does not fit into the scheme, but separate pillars are seldom out of place, and, as the roses grow, they can be connected by chains on which the shoots can be trained in graceful festoons.

The "Dorothy Perkins" or "Lady Gay," both luxuriant pink-flowered climbers, or the "Red Rambler," all look charming grown in this fashion on rough larch or fir poles.

If not already planted, they can still be obtained in pots and put in even at this late season, already in flower. There is a certain amount of risk attached to this proceeding, but you start with your rose at a much more advanced stage than if you put it in later in the year in the ordinary way.

C. B. STAINER.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A BOOT-TONGUE DEFECT.

It is a curious fact that the tongues of nine pairs of boots out of every ten one buys have a refractory way of falling to one side or the other of the centre.

The consequences of this trick are many, and all of them are unpleasant, while one is often painful.

In the first place, the boot, however neatly laced, at once looks untidy, even slovenly, when the tongue has slipped to one side, leaving the sock exposed half-way down the lace-holes, and the laces showing in sharp contrast against the dark background of the sock.

Another most unpleasant result is that the laces often cut into the shin-bone just above the ankle, and cause the walker very sharp and constant pain. The laces, as well as causing this pain, tend to wear holes in the socks where holes have no business to appear. The result of this is that socks darned so high above the foot, cannot be worn with shoes, or the ugly patch will show.

To stop this annoying trick of the tongue it is best to wear the boots for a short time, to find out which way the tongues are going wrong. Then take them to a cobbler, show him how the leather falls, and leave him to do the rest. He will do it while you wait, and this is better so, for if he sees the boot on the foot he can the better see exactly how to put matters right.

IRONING TROUSERS.

There comes a time in the life of your trousers when, through neglect, they have lost all trace of the crease. They have been pulled considerably out of their original shape, and hang about your legs in wrinkles and bags in a way that robs both them and you of any claim to style.

When this is the case it will be found that the ordinary spell of confinement in a trouser-press does not make things much better. Indeed, the press, at this stage, will often serve only to accentuate the defects.

The inclination is either to discard the garments or to take them to a tailor and allow him to do his best with them; but with care and a little patience you can do all that is possible for them at home.

Fold the trousers as usual and hang them over a chair or rail. Do not put them in a drawer. Hang them. They will then have a chance or recovering something of their original shape. From time to time take them and give them a good stretching, holding them at each end and expanding the arms as with a developer.

When they have had a few days' rest place them on an ironing plank and blanket and arrange them very exactly as to the position of the crease.

Then take a clean handkerchief and fold it double or treble and put it over the place where the crease will run. Sprinkle the handkerchief well with clean water from a basin handy.

Next take your hot iron and run it heavily and slowly and carefully over the handkerchief, taking care that the crease is made in one continuous line.

When beginning a new stretch (having placed the wet handkerchief in position) see again that the crease is in the same straight line.

Go over the trousers front and back, each leg singly, at one time, so that all the ironing will be done on the same folding.

When the operation is over hang the trousers again for a day or two when they will be ready for wearing again, and surprisingly smart.

GLOVES AND POCKETS.

Many men find gloves a great nuisance when they put their hands into their pockets for money or keys. With leather gloves there is always a tendency on the part of the pocket to cling to the glove.

The result of this tendency is often to pull the entire pocket inside out, scattering the contents in every direction. When, as so many men do now, all the cash you are carrying is jumbled together in one pocket, this accident may result in loss and great inconvenience; while it is never a very pleasing thing to have to gather up money from a pavement or a street while unsympathetic pedestrians pass to and fro, and resent the obstruction you cause.

With a little care this need not happen, but the gloved hand can be put in and taken out without disaster. But when in a hurry, or when thoughtlessly done, the result is often disastrous.

The remedy is simple. Get your tailor to attach the bottom edge of the pocket to the trouser seam or to some other part that he will select. This will prevent the turning inside-out every time a gloved hand is inserted.

KNOTTING A BOOTLACE.

You are in a hurry to be off for a walk, to catch a train, or for any one of a hundred objects, and—snap! The bootlace has broken halfway down. You haven't another lace handy. You must wear that pair of boots and no other. What is to be done?

You will, of course, express yourself with emphasis at the catastrophe and then—you will knot the lace midway up the eyelets. Be careful how you do it.

You cannot appear with a couple of loose ends and a bulging knot on the instep of your boot, so the knot must be so tied that it falls on the under side of the leather.

Keep it to one side and not immediately over your instep.

This will cause the ends of the lace to work out at uneven lengths on relacing the boot. This must be adjusted as nearly as possible by working the lace up and down as far as the knot will allow.

Having tied the knot, cut off the loose end as near to it as is safe, and if the knot is a big one, and hard, as will be the case with leather laces, do not lace your boot so tightly as usual.

If you do so, the knot will soon begin to give you pain.

The wise man, however, will always keep a stock of boot and shoe laces of all varieties ready to hand, so that he can put a new one in at once in an emergency. It is really quicker to take out the broken lace and substitute a new one than to try and patch up the former.

NO MORE SHINY CLOTHES.

Probably you discard your half worn suits when their shiny appearance becomes noticeable. Then you will be interested in a new and ingenious apparatus we have introduced for easily and quickly removing this objection. It is strongly made, will last for years, and more than saves its cost every time used. No chemicals are required.

The price is 1s. 9d., post free.

R. PARKES and CO., 161, Blackburn Road, Accrington.

Price 5/9. Carriage Paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS, 1½in. steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

A CAPITAL 27/6 SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports.

This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back to allow freedom of shoulder movement.

It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer

Large patch pockets.

Horn or leather buttons.

Materials: HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,

At 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.
In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.
There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Riding boots, black, size eight's, nearly new, cost £3 3s.; leggings, spring front, cost 14s. 6d.; safety razor, in case, six blades; the lot 30s.; bargain.—Box 3074, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Modern Men" should write to W. T. Davies, 57 and 59, Brighton Street, Seacombe, for fashionable suits; patterns free; terms, cash or reasonable instalments. Measure taken from our card or old suit. Established 15 years.

A few superior coat-hangers to clear, highly polished, 9d. post free; usual price, 1s. 9d.—Box 2249, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tailor's button-making machine, brand new, complete with all accessories and four gross of button parts; machine cost 35s.; accept 20s.—Box 3076, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

2/9 GENT'S TROUSERS. 2/9

For 2/9 we will send 1 pair gent's tweed trousers direct from factory. What we sell for 2/9 others charge 5/6. All trousers are made of good, strong serviceable tweed cloth, well finished, with 2 side pockets and 1 hip pocket. The patterns are of the latest and in dark neat colours. Send at once for a sample pair and convince yourself of the marvellous value we give. Inside leg measure only required.—The Guildford Clothing Co., 111, Amhurst Road, London, N.

Tailor's Bills Halved!—Suit lengths at factory prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postcard brings patterns free.—Dept. H., 769, Little Horton Lane, Bradford.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

"Scientific Boxing," by J. J. Corbett, shows how to "knock 'em all out." 50 photos. Customers say: "Splendid book." 8d.; order immediately.—M. Thompson-Hughes, Coventry.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3077, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Revolver, 6-chambered, Webley Mark 2, as good as new, in case; accept £2 10s., or best offer.—Box 3075, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 11s. 6d.; accept 8s., condition as new.—Box 3078, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Wanted, athletic strength pair UNI-GRIP, new or second-hand.—Write, Box 3079, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Airedale Irish terrier dog, fine condition, 18 months, 17s. 6d.—Summerfield, Hightown Road, Luton.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

£8 10s.—Brand new "Britain's Challenge" gent.'s model superb cycle, 24in., Brook's No. 302 saddle, genuine roadster, Dunlop's, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear; never soiled; accept £8 10s.; cost £10 10s.—Box 3073, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome brass head lamp, new, unused, 50s.; pump, 7s.—Box 3080, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

3½ motor cycle, exceedingly powerful, ridden Whitsun first time, every refinement fitted, too powerful for owner; sacrifice £30, exchange considered, light-weight or jewellery.—Box 3081, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DIGS.

Advertiser would like to meet friend to share digs up river, or would join others. Moderate expenses.—Box 3072, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Defective handwriting improved in single lesson, P.O. 1s. 1d.—Schoolmaster, 55, Dean Road, Liverpool.

MUSIC.

For sale, Windsor zither banjo and case, nearly new, fine tone, £3 10s.—Box 3071, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Situations.—Sanitary Surveyors and Sanitary Inspectors in Colonies and at Home. "Hints how to proceed," P.O. 5s., or coaching, if necessary, by certificated professional.—Box 3070, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Homework.—Strictly genuine.—Particulars, addressed envelope, Manager, 24, Tatchbrook Street, London, S.W.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Gentleman requires loan of £5, repayable £1 monthly.—A. S. G. Williams, 12, Station Terrace, Bridgend, Nantyffyllon.

10 pref. shares, 10s. paid, City Life Assurance Co. What offers?—Box 3082, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 150 Christinville rubber shares. State lowest price; prompt cash against delivery.—Box 3083, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good selling lines and novelties wanted for mail order and agent's canvassing business.—Box 3022, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Five £2 10s. fully paid shares in London Trading Bank, dividend averages 5 per cent. What offers?—Box 3085, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£25. Wanted to borrow, privately, by householder.—Box 3086, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3089, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Wonderful Roller Blood Circulator will permanently cure indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, weakness, &c. Machine, complete with instructions, 2s. 6d., post free.—R. Watson, Dept. (M.M.), Cedar Road, Fulham, S.W.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3087, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O.. 1s.—Box 3088, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Exceptional Opportunity.—Genuine medical coil and battery, complete, ready for use, carriage paid, for 3s. 6d.; unequalled value. Recommended to those suffering from rheumatism, &c.—Send postal order to The Northern Novelties Company, 17A, Chapel Lane, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Your bodily weight rapidly increased. Send 4d. stamps for instructions.—Gordon, Wellesbourne, Oxford Road, Moseley, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Great Coventry Secret.—How to silver-plate your bike for 3d., no fancy polishes; recipe for 6d. P.O.—W. Reynolds, 3, Howgill Street, Clayton, Manchester.

Several hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5s. SAFETY RAZOR WITH 7 BLADES FOR 1s. 6d. Post free, in beautiful case complete, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, London.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

Astrology.—Two Years' events. The Planets' Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c. Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. Mercury, L. K., Llandaff, Glam.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Table Jug, nickel-plated, cost 31s. 6d., accept 21s.; also Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; both quite new, never been used.—Box 2265, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

SPECIAL "MODERN MAN" OFFER!

JUNE 18.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells on FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

		Suitable for age
Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	...12/6	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	...10/6	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	...10/6	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

ADAPTABLE TO EVERY PHYSIQUE

"HEALTH & STRENGTH" EXERCISER & DEVELOPER

NOW is Your Opportunity!

No matter what your position is you can by means of very easy payments be the Immediate owner of the now world-famous "Health & Strength" Developer.

The following is the plan on which the Exerciser is supplied:—There are two strengths—Ordinary & Athletes'. On receipt of 2/6 and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/3. the Ordinary Strength Developer will be sent by return of post. (*See Coupon*). For Athletes' Strength a first payment of 3/- and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/9 and the Developer will be sent at once. (*See Coupon.*)

Some FACTS about the "Health & Strength" Developer.

(1) It is entirely free from complication, being a single strand of India-rubber.
(2) It can be used as a Wrist-Grip Machine, Chest Expander, Weight lifter, and Ordinary Developer.
(3) An advantage of this machine is that the user is not only exercising by pulling against the rubber, but also against his own muscles as well.
(4) It is so fitted that it may be used by members of both sexes as well as children with equal facility.
(5) The "H. & S." Developer has been specially designed by the Editor of "Health & Strength," and completely does away with all the objections offered to the ordinary Exerciser of this kind.

Specially recommended to Boxers by Young Josephs, Gunner Moir, and many other famous champions.

W. BROADFIELD, Eastleigh, Hants, writes: "I received the Developer quite safely and am very pleased with it."

MAURICE LANGHAM, Hulme, Manchester, writes:—"I am very pleased and quite satisfied with the Developer and its results which have been most gratifying. I will recommend the same to all my friends."

W. R. PEACOCK, Pentonville Road, King's Cross:—"Developer to hand. I am perfectly satisfied with it and thank you for your prompt attention."

Hundreds of other testimonials have been received.

Each Exerciser is accompanied by a Chart of 20 different exercises, all specially selected and invented by the Editor of "H. & S."

Special Offer.—This chart will be carefully marked with special curative exercises by our Correspondence Superintendent if the purchaser states his wishes when sending order.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To The Athletic Appliance Co.,
Covent House, Burleigh Street,
Strand, W.C.

Please send me "Health & Strength" Exerciser and Developer ..... Strength. I enclose herewith 2/6 (* 3/-) and agree to pay three further instalment of 2/3 (2/9) one in a month from date, and second in two months, and the last in three months. You agree to send me the Developer at once, post free, and I agree not to sell it until I have completed the payments.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Strike out words not wanted.
Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.